NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

With the appearance of the present number of this magazine, Mr. James Mac Arthur retires from THE BOOKMAN'S editorial staff in order to accept a very responsible position in connection with the literary enterprises of the Messrs. Harper. Mr. MacArthur has been identified with THE BOOKMAN since its foundation; and his enthusiasm, his keen interest in contemporary literature, and his instinctive understanding of the public taste have done much to place the magazine upon a successful and enduring basis; so that it is with regret that we now announce his resignation. The vacancy created by his retirement has been filled by the accession to our staff of Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

It has been found expedient to extend the series treating of *New York in Fiction* to four articles, instead of three, as originally announced. The subject has grown considerably in the writing. The paper in the present number deals with "The New City." The series will be concluded in the December number of THE BOOKMAN with "Suburban New York," which will take the reader to Westchester, Staten Island and Greenpoint.

Whatever may be the popular verdict as to the merits of *Peter Stuyvesant* as a play, it is certainly a step in the right direction. There has been apparent of recent years a tendency to break away from the conventional dramas of English life and adaptations from the French in an attempt to give us something like plays of American life. True, the scenes of most of the plays of this character have been far from Broadway, and where New York streets and scenes have been introduced, the local colour has been very obviously "lugged in." Whether *Peter Stuyvesant* is a flat failure or an unquestionable success, we regard it as a happy forerunner of many plays dealing historically with New York.

It was very fitting that Bronson Howard should have been one of the collaborators on this drama dealing with the one-legged old tyrant of New Amsterdam; although it seems to be the prevailing opinion that the greater part of the play was the work of Professor Matthews. From *Saratoga* to *Aristocracy* Mr. Howard has been finding his inspiration and material in American life. There was a time when his plays were practically the only plays that could be called American. Mr. Howard is one of the dramatists who have drifted into the writing of plays from newspaper work. He was born in Detroit in 1842. His first play, *Saratoga*—the English version of which is given under the title *Brighton*—was written while he was working in a newspaper office without the knowledge of his newspaper associates. There is an interesting story told about his appearing before their amazed eyes in response to the cries for "author" on the opening night of the first production. Mr. Howard generally needs two years in which to write a play.

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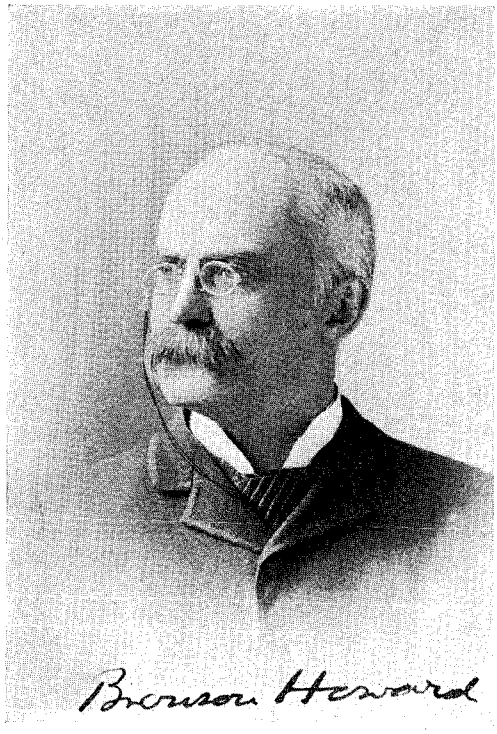

In building *The Henrietta,* a year and a half was consumed in thinking out the plot, situations and characters. The actual writing took but six months. The first stage in the construction of one of his plays is what Mr. Howard calls the smoking stage. For weeks and months he goes about, smoking incessantly and making notes. At the end of this time he has the situations of the play pretty clearly in his head, and can turn to the development of the characters. It is his invariable rule never to write a line until the situations are thoroughly developed. *The Henrietta,* his best and, with the exception of *Shenandoah,* his most popular play, grew out of a chance meeting in the Lotos Club with a broken-down Wall Street man with a green patch over his eye. The reckless demeanour, the woebegone countenance and, above all, the green patch over the eye, summed up to Mr. Howard all the pitiless struggle of Wall Street.

When Mr. J. M. Barrie on his visit to this country stepped on shore just two years ago it was observed that he carried a dark green-covered book by which he evidently set great store. The book was *Nancy Noon,* which he had brought with him from England; and in its author, "Benjamin Swift," Mr. Barrie believed he had come upon a new writer who had it in his power to belong to English literature. It was not the first time that the author of *The Little Minister* had shown his sagacity and insight as a discoverer of genius; he was among the first in England to note the potentiality of Kipling, of Maarten Maartens and others who have strode into contemporary fame with himself. Since *Nancy Noon* appeared, Benjamin Swift has written *The Tormentor* and *The Destroyer,* and while these novels convinced us that the author was one who had power and imagination of an unusual order, they served more as finger posts to what would follow; moreover they indicated a *sturm und drang* in the making of a novelist. In characterisation Mr. Swift has always excelled; this is his prime distinction as a creator in fiction. His development as a writer is, however, a matter of greater interest; he has the rare sense of words, and has the visualising power of making you see things as he sees them, and seeing them with a new wonder and freshness.

With the publication of *Siren City,* which is just out, Mr. Swift enters a period of calm and self-restraint that goes far to confirm our belief in him; and the indication is that he is at last "finding" himself. He has already sloughed off the influence of Meredith and Hardy, and we should say has breathed the atmosphere of a greater and saner master of whom we are hearing much nowadays. This is not the place for criticism, but we may refer to the fact that the best English critics see in *Siren City* Mr. Swift's best novel, and have dignified the work with columns of praise and criticism. The *Academy* says that "*Siren City* is certainly his best book, and it is the work of a strong man." He has "struck the lofty and dignified note of tragic pathos." "In purity and simplicity of style," says a critic in *Literature,* "in verisimilitude of plot and soundness of psychology, *Siren City* shows a remarkable advance," and again speaks of him as "a writer of originality and inborn force." The London *Outlook* hails *Siren City* as a story

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that is written with real restraint and real ability. "The characters are convincingly drawn; there is even mastery in the leading figures. . . . And best of all, Mr. Swift has convincingly created a new *milieu.*" We are tempted to quote a lengthy passage from this review, as it is most wise and just in its comprehension of Mr. Swift's endowments:

> The intelligent reader will have discovered that we are inclined to take Mr. Swift seriously. As the one Scottish writer who sees beyond Scotland Mr. Swift is entitled to respect; as the creator of certain characters almost epic in stature—epic but for their deformities—Mr. Swift is entitled to high rank among living poets. His medium in prose, of that we are aware; but in his preceding books, our writer, so it seemed to us, moved in a world more symbolic and fanciful, more quick with picture and sudden meanings than that of the prosodist. His cities were spun in mid air, not founded in the soil. In *Siren City* he descends. Here we have men more men than symbols, and women recognisable in the flesh as well as spirit. We have no space to dwell on other features of this story, on the fine prose into which it ascends, the breadth and knowledge that set it apart from the novel of the day. *Siren City* is a book worth knowing.

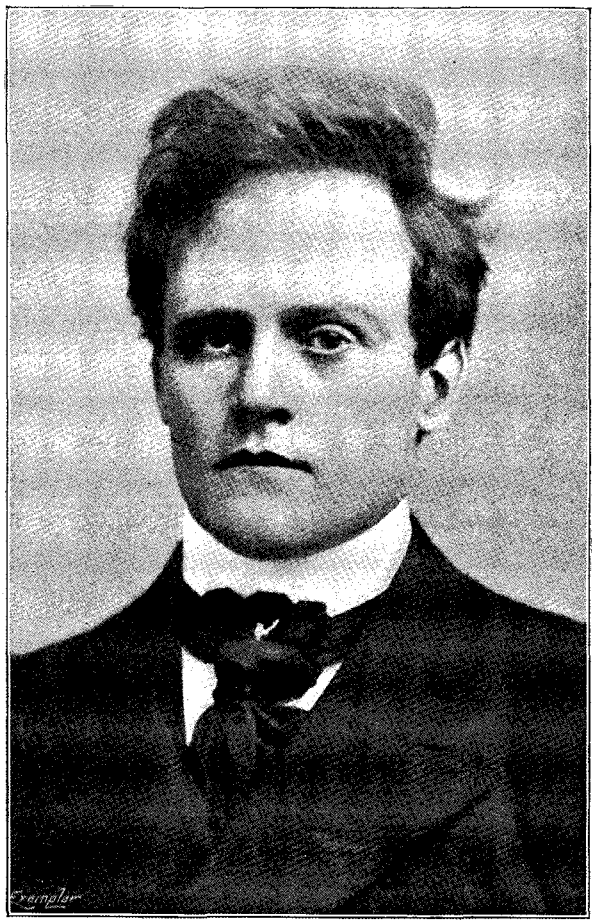
❧

We herewith present a new portrait of Mr. Swift, taken from his latest photograph. As will be seen, the author of *Siren City* is a young man, and as his work has shown growth from the outset, and a certain achievement without finality in his last book, we may safely predict that the coming years will bring greater fruition.

❧

The portrait of "Mark Rutherford," which we publish on the next page, is the first we remember having seen of this master of exquisite and perfect English prose. We have reproduced it from a recent number of the *Academy,* in which there appeared a rare appreciation of the art of Mark Rutherford.

Mark Rutherford—or, to give him his own name, Mr. W. Hale White—had, we believe, his first literary contribution printed in *Chambers's Magazine,* which has cradled so many eminent writers in its day. The article was entitled "Births, Deaths and Marriages," and appeared in the issue of March 6, 1858. The consideration of the subject arose naturally out of his work in the Registrar-General's office, Somerset House, where he spent two or three years of his official life. Is there not the prophetic note of "Mark Rutherford" in the concluding sentence relating to the archives of Somerset House: "Here lies the real history of the English people for the last twenty years. My history's epochs are my birth, my marriage and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The



BENJAMIN SWIFT.

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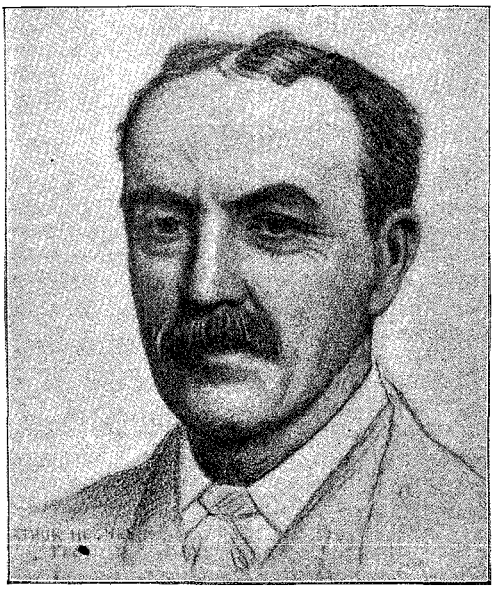

MARK RUTHERFORD.

history of the nation may be in Macaulay or in the columns of the *Times,* but the history of the people is in the Registrar-General's vaults at Somerset House"? This reminds one of the preface to John Richard Green's *Short History of the English People,* where he describes his history as being "not of English kings or English conquests, but of the English people." The modern novelist has invaded the realm of the historian, however, and has illuminated every by-path of human life.

Describing the careless and irregular method of registration previous to 1837, and contrasting it with what then prevailed (1858), Mr. White cites a number of pathetic and ridiculous entries in the registers which, one cannot but believe, must have made the most wizened and dry-as-dust clerk smile. An illegitimate child is named Alpha and Omega, while names occur which remind one of school nicknames, such as Kidnum Toats, Lavendar Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Talitha Cumi, Fussy Gotobed. What the writer considers as the strangest of all is Lama Sabachthani Pressnail. The Russian war is responsible for such names as Malakoff, Sebastopol, Redan, Inkerman and Balaklava, and an abundance of Florence Nightingales. The marriage registers disclose some amusing entries, such as "Ceremony begun, but not finished, the marriage being broken off;" "Bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed." A "Lamb" marries a "Lion"; "Nightingale" weds a "Partridge"; "Mutton" is linked to "Ham"; and the strange complaints of which some people die include, "Hanged himself in a fit of *temperate* insanity from *excessive* drinking."

Mr. Hale White once took the public into his confidence and gave them his experiences of house-building in a letter to the *Spectator,* January 27, 1877; and Mr. Ruskin reprinted this letter in *Fors Clavigera,* styling it admirable, and containing nearly all "I have to affirm as to the tap-root of economy, namely, house-building." But as far back as March 18, 1865, Mr. Thomas Hardy, then an unknown young architect, had contributed his first paper to *Chambers's Journal* on a similar theme, which he called "How I Built Myself a House." The sketch was evidently drawn from life, and showed the professional touch of a man of uncommon observing powers, but it was planned with a more humorous intent, and is irresistibly funny. Dr. Conan Doyle also made his first literary essay in the pages of *Chambers's Journal,* as did George Meredith with his first attempt at verse in 1849, and as at a much later date did Stanley Weyman. Mrs. Lynn Linton, before and after her marriage, was a contributor to *Chambers's,* and while still Elizabeth Lynn she described "The Château of Monte Cristo" in 1856, and had papers on "Art Gossip" (1857) and "Suicide in France" published in the columns of this magazine. Four years earlier (in October, 1853) she contributed two stories, which would still be found readable, and which the Messrs. Chambers may reproduce in popular form at no distant date. In the Memoirs of Mrs. Linton, now in progress, it is to be hoped that much of this early work in *Chambers's Journal* will be recognised and saved from the archives of the past. Few magazines, perhaps, could boast of having published so many first contributions by writers who since have become distinguished. Long before the era of the modern magazine, and the widespread

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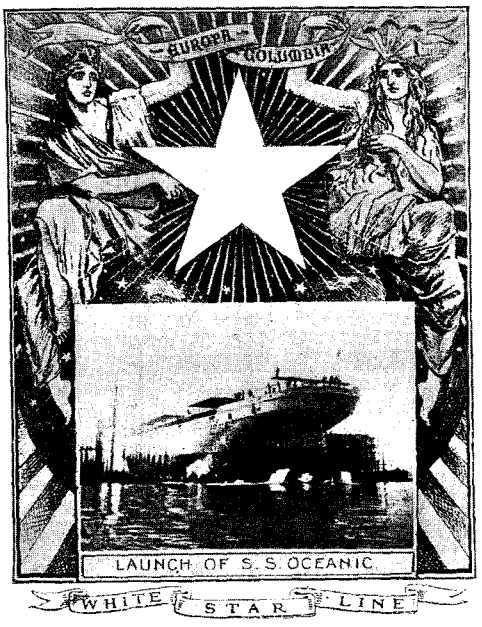
competition that now exists, *Chambers's Journal* became a kind of reservoir for rising talent, much of which came to maturity elsewhere. It has numbered a curious motley among its contributors; lords and labourers, priests and lawyers —one day, indeed, Mr. James Payn, while editor, recorded that communications had been received from a bishop, a washerwoman and a thief.



BOOK-PLATE OF S. S. OCEANIC.

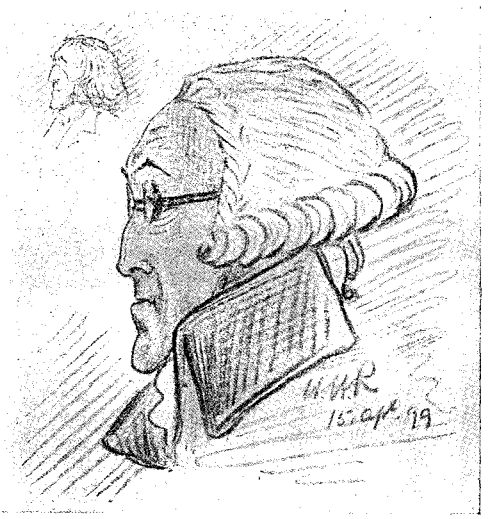
The new White Star Liner *Oceanic* has inaugurated the use of book-plates in the libraries of transatlantic steamships. The designer of the *Oceanic* book-plate is Linley Sambourne, one of the artists of *Punch*. It is printed in photogravure. We herewith reproduce the plate, the design for which was exhibited at the eighth Annual Exhibition of the Ex-Libris Society of London, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on June 16, 17 of this year.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's new volume of short stories, *The Other Fellow*, has recently been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. There are eleven stories in the book. Mr. Smith is still in Europe, where he has been travelling and painting since June.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have followed the fashion of making picture-souvenirs of our leading actors and actresses in their *Richard Mansfield Calendar* for 1900. The photographs of Mr. Mansfield in his favourite rôles have been reproduced and engraved with elaborate care and finish; and quotations from the lines in the several plays represented have been given in autograph. It is one of the first calendars for the coming year that we have seen.

Reference has been made to the course of modern plays which Mr. John Blair will present at the Carnegie Lyceum during the winter. The first play of this course will be presented November 15. It will probably be Tolstoy's *The Dominion of Darkness*. This play has, we believe, never been acted in the English language. It has been played in Paris at Antoine's Théâtre Libre, and elsewhere in Europe. In the event of its being chosen as the initial performance of Mr. Blair's course, the original version will be considerably condensed.

Sir Henry Irving will remain three weeks at the Knickerbocker Theatre before leaving New York. Sir Henry's repertory for his American tour is considerably smaller than on former occasions, including but six plays. In addition to Victorien Sardou's *Robespierre*, the London success of last spring, he is to play *The Merchant of Venice, Waterloo,*



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SIR HENRY IRVING. Copyright, 1899, by R. H. Russell.

Nance Oldfield and *The Amber Heart,* a drama in blank verse by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour. Sir Henry Irving has secured a new historical drama entitled *Charles IX.*, treating of France during the last years of the Valois dynasty and culminating in a realistic depiction of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But of most importance is undoubtedly his presentation of the character of the despot of the French Revolution. We reproduce herewith Mr. William Nicholson's picture of the great English tragedian.

Robespierre has a twofold interest in that it gives us the work of the master mind of the English stage in conjunction with that of the leading French dramatist. Although Sardou is nearly seventy years of age there is no falling off in his genius or his capacity for work. Victorien Sardou, Émile Augier and Alexandre Dumas, fils, are the three great names in the dramatic history of the Third Republic. Sardou alone remains. His first play, *La Taverne des Etudiants,* presented at the Odéon in 1854, was hissed off the stage. Undaunted by failure, Sardou went back to the study of play-building, taking apart the successful French comedies from Molière to Scribe, and thinking over their most minute details. His first success was *Les Premières Armes de Figaro,* produced in 1859; then followed in rapid succession *M. Garat, Les Gens Nerveux, Les Près—Saint Gervais* and *Les Pattes de Mouche,* one of the greatest of all his

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plays, known on the English stage as *A Scrap of Paper.* In the same year, 1861, came *Nos Intimes.*

Sardou's most important plays from 1861 to 1870 were *La Famille Benoiton,* 1865; *Nos Bons Villageois* and *La Maison Neuve,* 1866; *Séraphine,* 1868, and *Patrie,* a magnificent drama presented at the Porte-St.-Martin, 1869. His popularity was not great during the decade 1870-80, although to that period we owe *La Haine, Dora* and *Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy. Divorçons,* familiar to New York theatre-goers, was first produced about 1880. In 1881 *Odette,* afterward adapted to the English stage by Mr. Clement Scott, was presented at the Vaudeville. *Fédora,* 1882; *Theodora,* 1884, and *La Tosca,* 1887, were all written for Sarah Bernhardt. Sardou took his seat among the members of the French Academy in 1878.

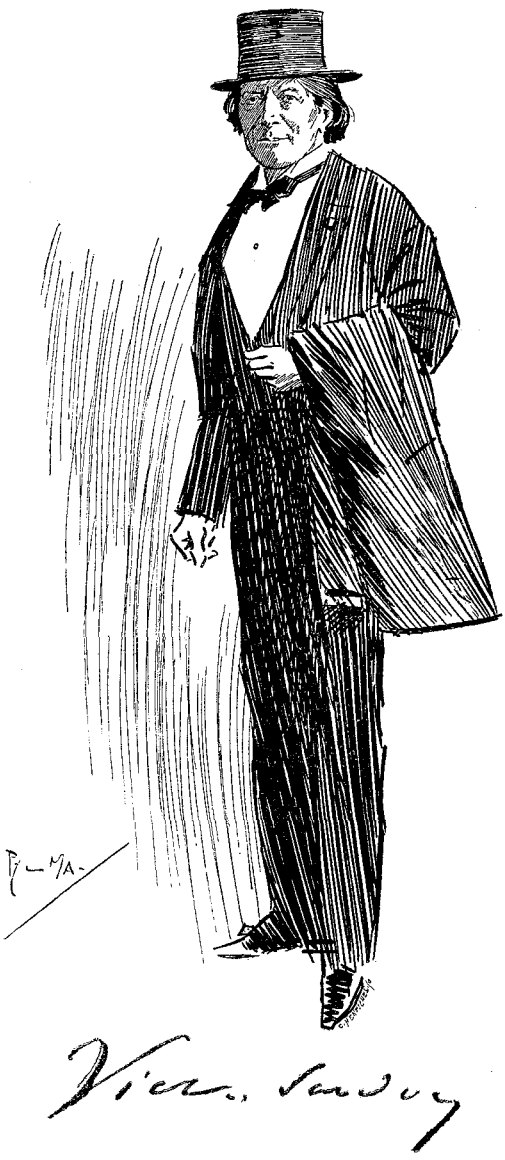
A collection of short stories by Thomas Hardy has been made for early publication in volume form in England. Most of these stories have already appeared in magazines and weeklies. We presume that the book will be brought out simultaneously by Mr. Hardy's publisher, Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

A posthumous volume of the late Professor Henry Drummond's essays and addresses is soon to be published in England under the title of *The New Evangelism and Other Papers.* The book will be published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

A Western bookseller was recently approached by a customer who called for *Eugene Aram.* It turned out that what she wanted was not Bulwer Lytton's book, but the very recent and widely read *David Harum.* "Yes," she cried brightly, when the bookseller offered this suggestion. "I said Eugene instead of David. Give me a copy of *David Aram.*"

A translation of *Invisible Links,* a volume of stories by Selma Lagerlöf, author of *The Miracles of Antichrist* and *The Story of Gösta Berling,* is among the autumn publications of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. The translation has been made by Mrs. Pauline Bancroft Flach, the translator of Miss Lagerlöf's other books.

The news comes from London that the Old Curiosity Shop near Lincoln's Inn Fields is soon to be torn down. Bit by bit Dickens's London is passing away. With the construction of the Holborn Viaduct vanished the last traces of the scenes of the most graphic chapters of *Oliver Twist.* Jacobs Island, the scene



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of the death of Bill Sykes, long ago ceased to be an island, although the mill-pond mentioned in the book still juts in from the Thames. There was always some doubt as to whether the structure at 14 Portsmouth Street was actually the Old Curiosity Shop.

Mr. Arthur Hoeber's new book, *Treasures of the Metropolitan Museum*, has been recently published by Mr. R. H. Russell. The first five chapters of the book are devoted to sculpture and architecture; and the last six to the paintings of the Museum. Of considerable importance and interest is the chapter which treats of the development of American art from the time of Benjamin West and Gilbert Stuart to Weir Alexander and John S. Sargent. Then follow chapters on drawings and etchings and on the Washington, Franklin and Lafayette collections.

The past month will always be memorable in American history for the extraordinary outpouring of national enthusiasm which marked the return of Admiral Dewey from the scene of his splendid and epoch-making achievements. There have been few such triumphs in the records of the world as that which he received when he stood upon the bridge of the *Olympia* at the head of a mighty fleet of warships and listened to the cannon thundering out a welcome from seventy millions of his countrymen. No less impressive was the pageant that marked his landing; for even more vividly did this show the unanimity of the national verdict. He would have been more than human had this marvellous greeting failed to move him most profoundly. Yet perhaps the finest thing about the whole event was the fact that it was something more than a mere jubilation over a brilliant victory —more also than a magnificent tribute to the man himself. The victory at Manila was indeed a glorious achievement, won by dash and daring, by supreme efficiency and splendid seamanship. Yet this alone would not have justified the thrilling scenes that were enacted when the victor steamed into the harbour of New York. The battle of Manila, when viewed simply as a battle, will not stand in history above the victories of Perry and of Farragut. Admiral Dewey himself remarked that he had done no more than any captain in the service might have done; and although this estimate of his own ability was far too modest, it still conveyed a truth; for to doubt that there are captains in our service who could have defeated such a squadron as Montojo's, and who would have shown in doing so the qualities that have made Admiral Dewey the greatest of our countrymen, would show a strange forgetfulness of the glorious traditions of the American navy. And, therefore, had the truly Roman triumph of the Admiral meant nothing more than that the nation had gone mad over a single victory, then it would have been excessive and would have justified the astonishment expressed by certain foreign critics.

But fortunately the great multitudes who massed themselves into miles and miles of humanity upon these two eventful days knew well enough the latent meaning of their wild enthusiasm. It was not the man alone that they were thunderously acclaiming. It was not alone a sea-fight in which Spaniards had been routed by Americans that they had in mind. It was something far more vital, more extraordinary, more momentous. They knew that just as Washington had made of us one people, and as Grant and Lincoln had made of us one nation, so had the man before them made of us a great world-power, a power with whom hereafter all the earth must reckon, a power whose tremendous energies have at last broken down the barriers of isolation, and brought us face to face with duties and responsibilities which depress and cow the weak, but which the men of our race never shrink from, but accept with the majestic serenity of the Anglo-Saxon which is, indeed, something that transcends serenity and partakes of the stern joy of one who has been challenged to a struggle in which he knows that his whole life and training have fitted him to play a conqueror's part. It was an instinctive knowledge of this fact that made the welcome of the Admiral so dignified and fundamentally impressive to all who had the great good fortune to take part in it, and thus to witness in a concrete form something which marked a turning point in the history of the Republic.

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It is interesting to reflect upon the utterly unique position which the Admiral now holds. For there has never lived a man whom every American, without regard to party or political belief or creed or race, admired and applauded without the slightest trace of envy or dislike or depreciation. Not Washington, nor Jefferson, nor Jackson, nor Grant, nor Lincoln—none of these was ever for a moment free from the enmity or the misrepresentation of some faction of his countrymen. Even now, a century after his death, there are those who try to qualify and minimise the honour that is paid to Washington, just as there were those who in his lifetime doubted his sincerity and even his integrity. But Admiral Dewey to-day has not a single detractor in the seventy millions of people who acclaim him, and nothing in their gift could add one jot to this supreme distinction. The Presidency itself would only dim his fame were he to take it; for he would then of necessity be forced down from the pinnacle on which he stands alone, and would descend into the ranks of faction. He has won what no American has ever had the chance to win, and we believe that he is wise enough and sane enough and self-poised enough to keep what he has won.

Of his sanity and humorous good sense he has already given ample proof, and he has, moreover, shown himself, as he showed himself at Hong Kong when the German tried to snub him, and at Manila when they tried to make him blunder, a cool-headed, far-seeing man of the world. To the preposterous speeches addressed to him by the Mayor of New York—speeches which ought to be preserved in treatises on rhetoric as perfect models of bombastic declamation and atrocious taste—he made replies of admirable modesty and brevity. He cut short, without, however, giving any reason for offence, the other specimens of "eloquence" with which he was threatened. He joked a little about the indiscriminate application of the word "hero"—we love him most of all for this—and he kept his head through everything, and showed at every moment the perfect tact, the thorough breeding, the kindliness, and the simplicity that are always beautiful, yet most of all in one who has done great deeds and changed the face of history, and who still remains just what he was before—a dignified and courteous and modest gentleman.

The Shakespearean revival of *King John* in London is an important event in the opening of the theatrical season on the other side, and has won for Mr. Beerbohm Tree an enthusiastic reception. So rare an event in the long roll of Shakespearean representations has not escaped the keen eyes of the press, and during the last week or two one could scarcely take up an English newspaper or periodical without encountering some reference to Mr. Tree's courageous enterprise. One of these, in the London *Sketch*, took the form of a fac-simile of an old play-bill, which we herewith transfer to our pages for the entertainment of our readers.

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden,
This present MONDAY, March 3, 1823, will be revived Shakspeare's Tragedy of
KING JOHN.
John, King of England, *(first time)* Mr. MACREADY,
Prince Henry, Master C. PARSLOE, Earl of Pembroke, Mr. MEARS,
Earl of Essex, Mr. HORREBOW, Earl of Salisbury, Mr. CONNOR
Hubert *(first time)* Mr. BENNETT, Faulconbridge, Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Robert Faulconbridge, Mr. PARSLOE, English Herald, Mr. JEFFERIES,
James Gurney, Mr. CRUMPTON, Executioner, Mr. NORRIS,
Philip, King of France, Mr. EGERTON, Lewis, the Dauphin, Mr. ABBOTT
Prince Arthur, Miss BODEN, Archduke of Austria, Mr. COMER,
Cardinal Pandulph, Mr. CHAPMAN, Chatillon, Mr. BAKER,
French Herald, Mr. HUNT, Citizens of Angiers, Mess. Atkins, Collet, Vedy
Queen Elinor, Mrs. VINING,
The Lady Constance by Mrs. FAUCIT,
Blanch, of Castile, Miss FOOTE, Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs. STERLING.
After which, 47th time, a New Grand Comick Pantomime *(founded on a celebrated Fairy Tale)* called
HARLEQUIN AND THE OGRESS;
OR, THE
Sleeping Beauty of the Wood.
The whole arranged and produced by Mr. FARLEY.
Principal Pantomime Characters, & succession of the Scenery.
Scene 1. EGYPTIAN CAVERNS. T. Grieve
The Three Sisters—Windlet, Trindlet, and Spindlet, *Mess.* Norris, Ley, and Dumbleton,
OGRESS *(the Fairy, afterwards Pantaloon)* Mr. BARNES,
Owletsprights and [illegible] *(the Imps of Mischief)* Master Collet, Richardson, Kerr and Chikini.
Scene 2. The Enchanted Cedar Grove. T. Grieve
PRINCE AZOFF, *(afterwards Harlequin)* Mr. ELLAR.
ABNAB, *his Squire, (afterwards Whirligig)* Mr. J. S. GRIMALDI
The Fairy BLUE BELL *(Protector of the Sleeping Beauty)* Master LONGHURST,
Scene 3. The OUTSIDE of the CASTLE. W. Grieve
GRIM GRIBBER *(Porter to the Castle, afterwards Clown)* Mr. GRIMALDI,
Scenes 4 and 5. ENTRANCE to the CHAMBER of SLEEP.——The CHAMBER of SLEEP. W. Grieve
The SLEEPING BEAUTY *(afterwards Columbine)* Mrs. VEDY,
Scenes 6 and 7. The EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.——The PORT of ROSETTA. T. Grieve
Scenes 8 and 9.—PAVILION PALACE, BRIGHTON. (PUGH)——WATERLOO BRIDGE by Moonlight. GRIEVE
Scene 10. *Quadrant in the New Street.* PUGH
Scene 11. **HYDE PARK,**
STATUE of ACHILLES. (W. Bradwell)—BROOK GREEN FAIR. (W. Bradwell and Hodgins)
Scene 12. VILLAGE NEAR LONDON. PUGH
Scene 13. No. 35, PALL-MALL, (Hodgins) What happened there, and the
Consequences.
Scenes 14 & 15 OUTSIDE of PASTRY-COOK-SHOP—INSIDE of Ditto, on TWELFTH NIGHT. Hodgins
Scene 16. ***The Royal Embarkation for Scotland.*** GRIEVE
Represented by
MOVING PANORAMICK SCENES,
Including the different VIEWS on the RIVER THAMES, from GREENWICH, WOOLWICH, GRAVESEND, &c. &c. to the NORE,—the Disembarkation at
Scene 17. **LEITH HARBOUR,**
And the GRAND PROCESSION down Calton Hill, to
Scene 18. **EDINBURGH.**
Scene 19 COTTAGE and BLACKSMITH's SHOP PUGH
Scene 20 **The Palace of the Fairy Blue Bell.** GRIEVE.
☞ *NO ORDERS CAN BE ADMITTED.*

The New Farce called The DUEL; or, MY TWO NEPHEWS
having been received every night with shouts of laughter and applause,
will be repeated Tomorrow and Thursday next.

Tomorrow, the Opera of FONTAINEBLEAU.
Lord Winlove, Mr. Duruset, Sir John Bull, Mr. Bartley, Col. Epaulette, Mr. Farley,
Henry, Mr. Pearman, 'Squire Tally-ho, Mr. Blanchard, Lackland, Mr. Jones, Lapoche, Mr. Yates
Lady Bull, Mrs. Davenport, Cælia, Miss Love, Miss Dolly Bull, Miss Foote,
Rosa, Miss M. Tree, Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Pearce Nannette, Miss Hallande.
On Thursday, (in consequence of its very brilliant reception on Thursday last) the Opera of The MARRIAGE of FIGARO will be repeated; when the Countess Almaviva will be personated by Miss PATON, and Susanna by Miss M. TREE——The Publick is respectfully informed that these Young Ladies will continue to act the above-mentioned characters alternately.
After which, the *New Farce*, and the *Pantomime.*
The Opera of The WOODMAN (the Musick by Mr. Shield) will shortly be revived.
Wilford, Mr LARKIN, Emily, Miss PATON.
A NEW TRAGEDY is in rehearsal, and will speedily be produced.
Printed by W. Reynolds, 9, Denmark-Court, Strand.

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A propos of the deep interest which is being taken in the Browning Love Letters, we may be pardoned for reprinting a reminiscence of the great poet which appeared in a contemporary several years ago.

I was travelling in Italy. There were few tourists in my compartment. All were absorbed in books of reverie till toward the close of what had been a long, tiresome day. Then it was that the elderly gentleman who sat by my side without removing his eyes from the landscape made a comment that invited conversation.

"You are fond of poetry?" he said at length, when something in the shifting splendour of the Italian skies evoked from me a Byronic couplet.

"Oh, yes," I responded, with my usual enthusiasm. "I love poets and poetry."

The old gentleman was rejuvenated. Together we browsed on Parnassus, and never will be forgotten the thought, the imagery, that flowed in a continuous stream from his lips.

"Who are your favourite poets?" he asked, abruptly.

I named them, and without further comment quoted my favourite poem—a Portuguese Sonnet. When I had finished, my companion resumed his post at the window, and did not deign to notice me again.

I was much discomfited. Had I given offence?

Before reaching our destination I ventured to say: "I suspect, sir, that you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry?"

The dark, soulful eyes of the stranger turned pitifully to me, and, in a voice that was almost an echo, he said: "Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, and its singer the most precious, gift life has given me. She was my wife."

The book which is likely to attract most attention in the early autumn is Mr. Charles Neufeld's account of his thirteen years' captivity in Omdurman, which is to be published here by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Books of a similar nature recently issued have been supervised by a military authority, but Mr. Neufeld prefers to tell his story by himself, which will give him the necessary scope for presenting the true facts. His book will not merely be a stirring narrative of his captivity, but will have a greater value and significance. Mr. Neufeld made friends of the most influential and intelligent men of the country during their long detention in hardship together, and consequently gained an insight into and knowledge of the inner affairs of the Soudan and Egypt which probably could have been acquired in no other way. Rumour has it that his account of Gordon's death is likely to cause great consternation when published. The book will contain numerous illustrations, maps and plans, and will be published simultaneously in England, America, Germany and France.

During Mr. Neufeld's recent visit to London he has met many of his friends of former days in Egypt. Naturally he has been approached continually by newspaper men and others, but he has been successful in holding himself aloof and in getting about unobserved. He looks extremely well, we are told, considering what he has had to go through during the last thirteen years. He is now in Germany, but will return shortly to commence a series of lectures, for which arrangements have been made in England, America and Germany.

The popularity of Mr. Whiteing's *No. 5 John Street* has incited the Century Company to bring out a new edition of an old book by the same author, published some ten years ago. *The Island,* although kindly received by the press at the time of its publication, failed to find favour with the reading public. Presumably, readers especially interested in *No. 5 John Street* will want to procure this old story, as it was really the forerunner of that "remarkable" book. The new edition will contain two new chapters having reference to recent events in France. These chapters will be entitled respectively, "A Soirée of Nations" and "The Light of the World." The scene of each is laid in the Paris of to-day. The book has also been thoroughly revised and will have a new introduction.

The fashion of writing novels in trilogies, which has lately had such a vogue in France, seems in a fair way to be imported into our own country. Among others who have recently caught the contagion is the young Californian writer,

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Mr. Frank Norris, whose work is analysed at length elsewhere in this issue. We understand that Mr. Norris has in contemplation a somewhat ambitious scheme for a series of three stories which shall symbolise our national life on a broad scale. The volumes will not be held together by a continuity of plot, but simply by the central symbol, American Wheat, which he has selected as emblematic of American prosperity. The first volume will treat of wheat in the grain, and will portray life on the vast farming lands of the San Joaquin Valley, a region which Mr. Norris revisited last summer, expressly to collect material for his new work. The octopus-like grasp of the Western railroads, adjusting their rates so as to absorb the giant share of the profits, in good years and bad alike, will form an important *motif* of the book. The second volume shows us the wheat brought to market, and will deal with the gigantic speculations of the Chicago wheat-pit. The third has to do with the final distribution of the wheat; the scene is shifted across the Atlantic to some small continental town in a year of famine, the aim being to show the far-reaching effects of our prosperity, as the wheat rolls eastward, in a vast, unbroken flood, filling the groaning ships and pouring across the ocean, to feed the mouths of hungry Europe. It is a large subject; but Mr. Norris has already shown that he is not afraid of large subjects; and he may be safely trusted to develop it effectively.

The names of the volumes are not yet definitely chosen. That Mr. Norris has a genuinely Zolaesque fondness for brevity of titles, *McTeague* and *Blix* bear witness; his own name for *Moran of the Lady Letty* was *Shanghied,* but this was changed for serial purposes, and somehow was never restored; while his latest story, *A Man's Woman,* now running periodically, came very near being called *The Heroine.* There is every likelihood that the new series will be called respectively *The Octopus, The Pit,* and *The Wolf.*

Mr. James L. Ford is in Sag Harbour at work on a five-act melodrama which will be produced by Jacob Litt next March. This play, to be entitled *The Defender,* will be distinctly contemporaneous. Its hero will be a naval officer, the scenes will be laid in the Waldorf-Astoria and in several of the country clubs in the vicinity of New York.

Among the new Paris streets we find a Rue Henry Murger, a Rue Edmond de Goncourt, a Rue Edmond Pailleron, a Rue Henri Becque and a Rue Alphonse Daudet. To recall that with the exception of Murger all these men died very recently is to appreciate the sensitive feeling of the French for their literary glory. Every American who has passed his ten days in the French capital knows or ought to know the Rue Racine, the Rue Balzac, the Boulevard Voltaire, the Rue Alexandre Dumas, and so forth. The time must come when London and New York will be equally appreciative and realise the rich possibilities of national, literary, artistic and musical figures in street nomenclature. The most superficial observer of American life must be impressed by the cheerless and monotonous sameness in the street names of smaller American cities and towns. The ubiquitous Main Street is probably the Americanisation of the very British High Street. Every town has its Poplar, Elm, Cherry, Maple Street or Avenue, all quite meaningless and absurd. There was a time when all rural hotels were Washingtons, Franklins, Jeffersons—a sturdy patriotic form of nomenclature far preferable to the present flabby tendency toward Marlboroughs and Cavendishes and Wellingtons.

It is very true and very pitiful that the great majority of the named New York streets have no significance whatever to the average New Yorker. He reads Cortlandt, Barclay, Reade, Rivington or Great Jones on the lamp-post—that is all. On the other hand, the Parisian grocer knows that Rivoli and Austerlitz were great French battles, that Voltaire and Rabelais were great thinkers, that the street leading up to the Pantheon is named after the designer of that mausoleum of *"toutes les gloires de la France."* One thing in favour of naming streets after men of letters and artists is that these names are not likely to be affected by political changes. We find

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hugely ridiculous the strange succession of names that a Paris street has borne as France became Revolutionary, Royalist, Bonapartist or Republican. We forget that New York once had a King Street, a Queen Street, a Crown Street and a George Street. Time may come when this question will receive its proper consideration. We do not despair of seeing a Richard Harding Davis Alley somewhere between Fifth and Madison Avenue or a court on the lower East Side named after Mr. Townsend or Mr. Stephen Crane. Chicago may thus immortalise her H. Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, and Brooklyn, with characteristic discrimination and literary taste, will unquestionably vote the construction of a spacious and flowery Laura Jean Libbey Boulevard.

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Some one has objected that Mr. Richard Harding Davis's heroes, and, of course, Mr. Gibson's, are all above six feet in height, and that when they are college graduates they have invariably stroked their crews or have been dashing line-bucking backs on their 'Varsity elevens. But why not? Side by side with his stately and beautiful heroines the novelist must give us physical perfection in his men. In the novel far more than in real life are we impressed by force, by masterfulness, be it that of a brawny arm or of a subtle mind. What a galaxy of prize strong men, of hammer throwers, shot-putters, heavyweight pugilists, the visitor to the Valhalla of fiction will find, with here and there a sprinkling of heroes who could if called upon "do even time" or beautifully clear the high or the low hurdles! And since football is now the reigning sport, what an Eleven might be selected as representing Valhalla! One with an ardent interest in both books and athletics can readily enough fancy trooping out on Manhattan Field, say, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, D'Artagnan, dressed as Musketeers of the period of Louis XIII., and Taffy Wynne with top hat and Dundrearys and great John Ridd and the Count of Monte Cristo and Zagloba and Pan Longin Podbipienta and Michael Volodyovsky and Ursus and Le Noir Fainéant. Of course the reader may select his brawny heroes as suits himself, but as an example we might suggest the following line-up. It would undoubtedly be found sufficiently formidable:

Left End.....Michael Volodyovsky
Left Tackle.....Le Noir Fainéant
Left Guard.....Pan Longin
Centre.....John Ridd
Right Guard.....Ursus
Right Tackle.....Taffy Wynne
Right End.....Aramis
Quarter-back.....D'Artagnan
Left Half-back....Wilfred of Ivanhoe
Right Half-back...Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds
Full-back.....Athos Comte de la Fere

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Looking over the Valhalla Eleven we are quite content. On defensive work a glance at the line from tackle to tackle makes us completely cocky and confident. With great respect for the ground-gaining qualities of the Princeton revolving tandem, the Pennsylvania guards back, and the flying wedge which Harvard introduced a half dozen years ago, we doubt the efficiency of these plays when directed against a centre trio composed of the strong men of *Lorna Doone,* of the *Fire and Sword* and of *Quo Vadis.* In selecting Le Noir Fainéant as left tackle we have in mind not the stilted creature of history, but the rollicking knight who supped gaily in Sherwood Forest and exchanged buffets with Friar Tuck.

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Front de Bœuf, by the way, with Brian de Bois Guilbert and Quentin Durward and Uncas and Allan Dale and Monte Cristo and many others, form the substitutes squad along the side-lines. As a pair of ends to play the game with, the speed and cunning now demanded, Pan Michael and Aramis, the dainty friend of duchesses, though both rather light, would be hard to improve. One can fancy them circling swiftly about the field and bringing down opposing backs with their deadly and unerring tackles. No one would for an instant dispute the claim of D'Artagnan to the position of quarter-back. Not only as a player, but as a leader, he would be inimitable, and the spectacle of the wily Gascon picking out the weak spots in the opposing line and driving through his backs from end

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to end would be enough to dismay the stoutest heart and destroy the most desperate resistance.

Nor would any one be likely to question the selection of so well mated a pair as Porthos and Ivanhoe for the half-back positions. We cherish the memories of Kelly, Porter, Morse, Butterworth, Gelbert, Black, Outland and Ames, but where would be their fame as line-plunging backs had Porthos, Du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds ever donned a canvas jacket and hugged the elusive pigskin? And how could the team be better rounded out than by placing at full-back Athos, Comte de la Fere? Last but by no means least we would have M. Sienkiewicz's Zagloba as coach, to shout instructions and abuse from the side-lines and unmercifully to bully the referee.

The Ouida craze is not quite dead, and her new novel, *La Strega,* recently published by Drexel Biddle, will no doubt be read with interest and ardour by those on whom her eternal stilted hero will never pall. Ouida in her old age is one of the most pathetic contemporary literary figures. Fortune has not been very kind to her of late years, and we are inclined to think less about her books and more about her eccentricities of dress and manner, her dislike of women and Americans. And yet despite a certain popular neglect and the good-humoured scorn of the cultured, one cannot easily forget the charm of *Two Little Wooden Shoes* and the vigour and audacity of *Under Two Flags.* What might Ouida not have done had she confined herself to the writing of little prose idylls such as *Ruffino* and *A Dog of Flanders!*

Ouida is now in her sixtieth year. She was born in Bury St. Edmunds, England, and her first novel, *Granville de Vigne,* appeared serially in 1861, when she was twenty-one years of age. Before she was thirty she had written *Strathmore, Chandos, Tricotrin* and *Under Two Flags,* probably the most lasting of her novels. It is impossible adequately to convey an idea of the hold which Ouida had upon the English-reading public about 1870. Her novels were doubly charming in that they had to be read surreptitiously. In time, however, readers began to grow a little weary of the same strange and rather bumptious creature with superhuman attributes, who made his appearance as the hero of each new romance. Remembering the stilted and wholly impossible conversation of her *blasé* guardsman, one finds the story that she has been in the habit of gathering about her young men of a certain type and taking notes of their conversation and demeanour difficult of credence.

It is a matter of regret to many of us who remember Thackeray's accomplished daughter in her years of activity during 1863 and 1885, that since the close of that period she has laid aside her pen from the writing of novels in favour of literary criticism and reminiscence. To cast the memory back over Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's literary achievements is to remind one's self that she was never an habitual writer of romance. She seems either to have worked slowly or to have written at intervals that are long in comparison with the records of other modern novelists. *The Story of Elizabeth,* Mrs. Ritchie's first novel, was published anonymously in 1863. It is interesting to recall the fact that several critics while acknowledging the delicacy and beauty of the work took exception to the painful nature of its theme, namely, the awakening of love for one and the same man in the hearts of a girl and her widowed mother. But Thackeray's daughter proved herself even then an artist by the skill with which she was able to imply the pathos of the situation without any tearing to tatters of its passion. Four years later Mrs. Ritchie made her appeal to a wider public with *The Village on the Cliff.* There followed two volumes of short sketches, *Five Old Friends* and *To Esther.* Not until 1873 did she publish another long novel, *Old Kensington,* which is now considered to be the author's masterpiece. In the following year were published *Toilers and Spinsters* and *Bluebeard's Keys.* In 1875 there appeared *Miss Angel,* a touching romance woven around the hapless marriage of Angelica Kauffmann. After an interval of six years she published *Miss Williamson's Divagations,* followed four years later by her last novel, *Mrs. Dymond.* These two novels were a disappointment

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to those who had counted on the beautiful promise of her earlier work. The influence of Thackeray upon his daughter is strongest in *Mrs. Dymond*, for Colonel Diamond certainly owes something to Colonel Newcome. We have said that *Old Kensington* ranks as Mrs. Ritchie's masterpiece. It is a part of a world only just gone from us—a world wherein were lanes and thornbushes and old red brick houses on the outskirts of the great city of London. It is also a well-built story of strong human interest, redolent with an endearing beauty of thought and phrase.

Lewis Melville's *Thackeray* has just been published in two volumes by H. S. Stone and Company. This work following so closely on Mrs. Ritchie's biographical edition and the Thackeray revival is of unique interest. The author is a London journalist who for ten years has been collecting Thackeray material with the idea of compiling this biography. The work has been well and laboriously done, and must be accepted as the Thackeray biography until a better comes to take its place. The appended bibliography of Thackeray's writings is of rare interest to lovers of the author of *Esmond*.

A correspondent in Sierra Madre, Los Angeles County, California, has written us an entertaining letter about the Chronicle in the September Bookman in regard to the personal appearance of Becky Sharp. She does not like Mr. Percy Anderson's sketch, and frankly says so. She speaks of a water-colour drawing by Thackeray's own hand which she often saw thirty years ago in the drawing-room of the house of Mr. Hain Friswell in Great Russell Street, London, in company with several other notable sketches by the author of *Vanity Fair*. These sketches were bought soon after Thackeray's death in 1863. In speaking of the portrait of Becky Sharp, our correspondent writes: "Becky's creator pictured her as short and slender with sandy red hair and the pale complexion that goes with it; the face was in profile, so that the eyes were not so much in evidence; the eyelashes were long and notably light in colour; the nose was delicately tip-tilted. Becky was placing a lump of sugar between the bars of a canary's cage. The picture, slight as it was, gave a strong impression of mental brightness and alertness and of feline grace and precision of movement; one never doubted for a moment that the lump of sugar went straight to the point intended."

Great Russell Street, by the way, is in the very heart of that part of London which Thackeray made distinctively his own. About Russell and Bloomsbury Square were laid the scenes of the opening chapters of *Vanity Fair*. The house of the Sedleys is still to be seen—a corner house facing the western railings of Russell Square. In Bury Street, near by, lived the inimitable Major Pendennis. A few blocks away is Fitzroy Square, where the hotel habited by Colonel Newcome and James Binnie still stands. Great as Thackeray was as the historian of the West End of London, of Park Lane and Berkeley Square, one cannot but feel that he was more distinctly at home in the society of the people who lived in that quarter of London about 1840. But this region has of late years deteriorated. Russell Square is no longer the domain of city men; it is the domain of the boarding-house. Our correspondent is of the opinion that the drawing in question is still in the possession of Mr. Richard Friswell.

Probably no chapters of *The Virginians* leave a more vivid impression on the reader than those which tell of Harry Warrington's career at Tunbridge Wells. Thackeray, who loved the eighteenth century so, whisks us back to the Old World in these pages. We open the book, and the hard-living, hard-drinking, lying, scheming, gambling, flaring, tearing society is before us. England's greatest nobleman and noblewomen are bending over Lady Yarmouth's hand; Lord March is carousing with his wild toadies; we see Chesterfield bowing and grimacing, and Dr. Johnson swinging his stick, and Samuel Richardson surrounded by a bevy of enraptured spinsters. The existence of medicinal springs at Tunbridge was discovered about the beginning of the seventeenth century. When the grandson of Henry Esmond came over from Virginia its popularity was at its height. The ac-

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companying illustration shows Tunbridge Wells at that period.

The great success of Mrs. Fiske in *Becky Sharp,* Langdon Mitchell's play founded on *Vanity Fair,* has made timely a handsome illustrated holiday edition of Thackeray's masterpiece. It will be remembered that the Maude Adams edition of *The Little Minister,* with illustrations from scenes in the play, far outsold any of the holiday books last Christmas, and easily took the lead in our plébiscite of the six most popular illustrated books of the year. The Becky Sharp edition of *Vanity Fair* will undoubtedly occupy the same position among such books during the coming season, and more deservedly so; for it will be much more attractive in appearance and will contain double the number of illustrations. Not only the characters, but the scenes in the play, afford greater variety and picturesqueness of treatment, and the splendid stage management of Mrs. Fiske has given a verisimilitude and reality to the grouping of characters that enhance the artistic value of the illustrations as pictures. The photographs of scenes by Byron, from which many of the pictures are being made, are among the most successful that this photographer, trained in the art of stage pictures, has ever taken. The cover will be in imitation of the admirable *Becky Sharp* poster, with the lettering in old English style. It is fitting that this edition of *Vanity Fair* should issue from the press of Thackeray's publishers in this country, Messrs. Harper and Brothers. There will be fifty full-page illustrations, and the price will be probably $2.50—a marvel of cheapness, considering the value of the work. The book is now in preparation, and will be ready for publication in a few weeks.

John King is, we hear, the provisional title which Mr. G. W. Steevens has given to the novel which is being awaited in literary circles with so much curiosity. In the first part of the story the scene is laid in Africa, and the description of the fight is considered by those who have read it to be one of the most dramatic pieces of writing of the sort which have appeared since Mr. Kipling's first attempt at novel writing, *The Light that Failed.*

A great deal of popular interest has been evinced of late in the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *A Double Thread.* The photograph we reproduce herewith is, we believe, the first portrait of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler that has been printed in this country. A paragraph about the work and personality of Miss Fowler appeared in the March number of THE BOOKMAN.

DR. JOHNSON. GARRICK. PITT. LYTTLETON. MRS. JOHNSON.
CIBBER. RICHARDSON.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS IN "THE VIRGINIANS" TIME.

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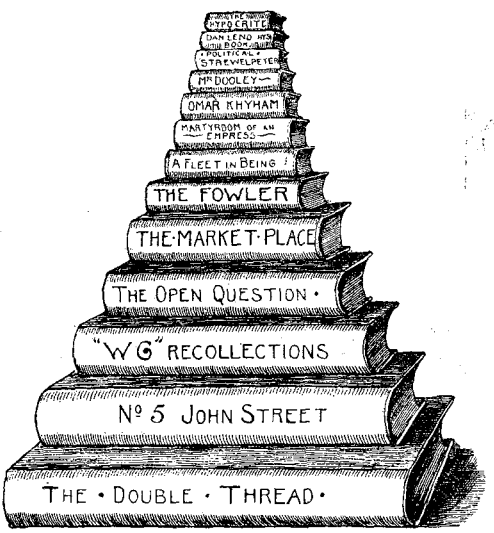
ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Just how much Miss Fowler's *A Double Thread* has been read in England, the accompanying pyramid of books, which appeared in the London *Daily Mail,* will show. The relative strength of armies, of navies, of races has been often thrust upon the reader in this way, but this, we think, is the first time that the device has been brought into literature.

Morgan Robertson, whose latest volume of sea stories, *Where Angels Fear to Tread,* has recently been published by the Century Company, turned to the business of writing after a life strangely picturesque in its hardships and adventure. Twenty-two years ago, then a lad of sixteen, he ran away to sea, fired by an ambition to be first mate. His father was a captain on the Great Lakes, but his family intended that Morgan should remain on land. But the boy's mind was made up, and, leaving his home in New York State, he found his way to the seacoast and shipped as cabin-boy and general fag, doing his own and every one's else work at the gentle urging of fists and belaying pins. He sailed twice around the world, shipping with all sorts of craft, from sailing vessels to transatlantic liners, until his early ambition to become first mate was finally realised. During this period he had most of the adventures which befall his heroes. Sometimes he was half starved, and more than once he had hairbreadth escapes from death; and his exploits as a fighter of bullies might make reading more interesting than polite. Once he went ashore, disgusted with seafaring, and became a cowboy on the plains. Then he drifted to sea again, and for a time was skipper of a millionaire's yacht, and lived on *paté-de-foie-gras* and pale ale. Once he taught young ladies how to swim, and once he even thought he was an Anarchist. But nobody believed him.

The futureless life of the sailor appealed less and less to him as he grew older. One day he rolled into the office of a phrenologist to have his "bumps" read. The phrenologist said he was "constructive," and advised him to learn a trade. The sailor looked about him, thought, in the determined manner peculiar to him, and decided to become a watchmaker. It was clean work and seemed interesting, and when he learned that he could wear a white shirt all day



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MORGAN ROBERTSON.

while at work he apprenticed himself on the spot. The ambition to be first mate transformed itself into a dogged resolve to become an expert artisan. The watchmaker's apprentice became a diamond and pearl setter, earning expert's wages. When his eyes gave out from constant chiselling of bright metals, he turned to writing, and almost instinctively to the sea for inspiration. His first effort, however, was a poem, now dead, for which he cherished an unreasoning tenderness.

Once during his darkest days of publisher-hunting, after one of his best stories had been returned with regrets, he went in despair one day to his old "shop" down in the diamond district to ask for a "job." An order had come in that needed the finest and most delicate workmanship—a necklace of diamonds. The sea story writer took the little packet of diamonds and tramped home with them, as he had tramped down to the shop—for reasons of economy. Weary and worn, his brain seething with the adventures of that other struggle whose story, "The Survival of the Fittest," he afterward wrote, the dim-eyed artisan set to work. All night he cut and engraved, growing blinder each hour, but sticking to the task until the diamonds were one line of shining white before him, without form or meaning. The last few stones were set by feeling alone. The stone was worked

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into place, the tool dipped in turpentine to make the cutting bright, did the delicate chiselling, guided by instinct. In the morning he took it back to the shop, almost certain that he had wrought its ruin. To his amazement it was passed from hand to hand—a perfect piece of work. Then the man who had toiled all night went home to write about a ship's carpenter who brought the ship to port in the teeth of a gale, in spite of the fact that he knew nothing of navigation.

That was five years ago. Shortly after, *Spun Yarns* was brought out, and its success is well known, reviewers, almost without exception, giving it unstinted praise.

W. C. MORROW.

In appearance the author of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* is sturdy, thickset and muscular. His eyes are keen and his mouth shows the determination inherited from Scottish forbears. His voice is brusque, as if from ordering people aloft in a gale of wind, and his smile has the grim humour which characterises the resourceful heroes of his stories. His love of animals and his admiration for strong men—men who are not downed by any wind or weather of circumstances—are dominant characteristics of this spinner of sea yarns. But he has his weaknesses—chief among them being a passion for chainless bicycles and pet canaries.

W. C. Morrow, whose collections of weird and powerful short stories, *The Ape, The Idiot and Other People,* appeared two years ago, has written a volume about Bohemian Paris from notes of Edouard Cucuel, which has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. *The Ape, The Idiot and Other People* was one of those occasional strikingly clever books whose failure of wide popularity is totally inexplicable. Mr. Morrow is a San Francisco newspaper man. Another book written by him, entitled *A Man; His Mark,* is soon to be published. Edouard Cucuel, who, in addition to supplying the notes, made the illustrations for *Bohemian Paris,* is also a native of San Francisco. After doing considerable work for the San Francisco papers he went to Paris and studied at Julian's, Colorosso's and the Beaux Arts. Later he was for a few months the chief illustrator of the New York *Herald.*

So much has been written about Bohemian Paris since Henry Murger told the story of Rodolphe, Schaunard, Marcel and Colline in *La Vie de Bohême* that one would think that the subject for the time had been pretty well exhausted. But somehow the old saying that "all good Americans go to Paris when they die" has not lost all its significance and charm; certainly American interest in the seamy side of life in the French capital is as keen as ever. That remarkable literary fake, *An Englishman in Paris,* began with an account of the lives and haunts of the Childbertians of 1830, so entertaining that one gave up belief in its reality with poignant regret. Murger has often been accused of idealising Bohemianism, of tingeing that life of hardship, of "chasing that elusive animal the five-franc piece" with a colour and romance that far removed it from the grim reality. Bohemian Paris such as Murger depicted it of course does not exist today. The improvements wrought by Louis Napoleon and Baron Haussman were considerable factors in this change. In the scheme of broad boulevards by which the menace of the barricade was to be reduced to a minimum, the quaint alleys and winding streets of the Quartier Latin were swept away.

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Drawn by Ernest Haskell.

As a matter of fact, the Latin Quarter ceased to be the heart of the real Bohemianism of Paris about the time of the fall of the Third Empire. Three or four years earlier began the migration to Montmartre. The American visitor in Paris of recent years has taken its Bohemianism in homœopathic doses at the Cabaret Aristide Bruant, at the Cabaret Néant, at L'Enfer or Le Ciel. Bohemianism of a certain sort does exist in Montmartre—though rather farther up the Butte than the Boulevards extérieurs—just as surely as there are slums—Mr. Davis to the contrary—about Belleville and La Vilette. A strange book, *Montmartre,* by Georges Renault and Henri Chateau, was published a few years ago by Flammarion in Paris. This volume admirably summed up all the mystery and charm of Montmartre—its history, its tradition, its windmills, its streets, its balls, its churches, its people. Methodical, straightforward, simple as this book was, nothing that M. Zola has written in *Paris or L'Argent*—not even his description of the terrible "city of Naples" of the latter—brings home to the reader more convincingly and forcibly the grim fascination of Montmartre.

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M. Zola's new novel, *Fécondité,* by the way, has just been published in this country by the Macmillan Company, under the title *Fruitfulness.* This book, to which an added interest must attach through the peculiar position of the author at the time of its production, is on the colossal scale of his recent novels. Around the central figure Zola has grouped a little community of subordinate characters. We print herewith a sketch of the realist by Mr. Ernest Haskell.

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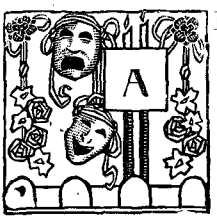
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



A PERSON who is studying at all carefully the drama as it is seen in New York may well feel almost ashamed of himself about the number of months of the year in which it is necessary to confine his enthusiasm to wholly un-American performances. To what extent it is right to lay stress on the best things, whatever their origin, and to what extent it is wiser to force attention toward whatever is worthy in our own home production, is a question not easily solved. The month covered by this article presents a peculiarly distinct dilemma of this sort. The only American play worth notice was by two well-known men. One is a dramatist who has written some of the most successful plays in the history of our stage; the other is a literary man who has given much study to the part of American history dealt with by this drama. While the result included some good things, it is impossible to take any satisfaction in the general outcome. On the other hand, one of the greatest plays in the modern world has had an excellent performance in German; a rather strong Dutch play has been given in a mutilated translation; and Shakespeare and Sheridan have been treated with respect if not with ability in a part of the town seldom seen by the individuals who set the pace of Broadway. Probably a combination of the two principles is the best that can be done. We should have a particularly keen scent for anything that is at once good and American, but to realise that we are shamefully behind the foreigners in our theatrical taste will do our confident race no harm.

While this question of the uses of criticism is up, and before we are plunged into the discussion of the passing shows, another problem in the same field may be mentioned. It is the general custom in this country to write about a play once critically, and after that to print nothing but laudatory press notices. The foremost paper intellectually in the United States will be found dealing out commonplace approval in its Saturday edition to plays which it has hopelessly condemned. The whole intention, indeed, of the Saturday and Sunday dramatic columns is to make theatre-goers think each play mentioned is singularly attractive and worth their money. The "stories" about the personal doings of the actors are intended for the same purpose. Just as in the sale of a book the little paragraphs about it count more than the critical reviews, so a lot of little items about an actor or a play accomplish more than the regular first-night commendation. Newspapers throughout the country which have any serious purpose other than the gaining of advertisements and the conciliation of press agents ought to use this paragraph power as strictly at least as they do the lesser power of formal criticism. A dramatic critic, for instance, who believes that Mrs. Fiske's production of *Becky Sharp,* in consideration of its acting, the importance of its subject, and its introduction of a young American as a playwright, is the most cheering thing that we have had in this country for a long time, will not have done his duty unless he does more than merely say this. Good criticism ought to be a good fight; and the most effective way of carrying on the battle is to pick out something which you are sure is working for progress and then not spare yourself in helping on the cause. You will be accused of prejudice, infatuation and a number of not wholly pleasant attributes, but that is obviously not of the first importance. On the other hand, it is equally the critic's duty, in spite of

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any business considerations, to keep showing up the hollowness of empty and depraved productions, although he will almost surely lose money for his paper and gain for himself the sincere belief of certain managers that he has an unreasonable, personal hostility to them.

It would be a good thing if the public could be taught to understand the springs of criticism. Take the following paragraph, for instance, from the New York *Sun:*

> It is not easy to make a satisfactory drama out of ever so good a novel. Four book plays are on our stage. Heroes created famously by Dickens, Dumas and Hope are portrayed with fidelity. The success of the three plays in which they figure may be ascribed primarily to the truthfulness of those delineations by the actors, and secondarily to a judicious treatment of the stories by the playwrights. A heroine of Thackeray is less satisfactory, though still popular. She is less faithfully impersonated in a poorer piece of stagecraft.

Now just stop for a moment and consider what it said here. Leaving the poorer piece of stagecraft out of account as a subject on which there might be differences of opinion, it means also that Mrs. Fiske's Becky is a piece of acting inferior to the work being done by every one of the following actors: James K. Hackett, E. H. Sothern and Henry Miller. With all due respect to those players, it is impossible to believe that the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun* believes what he has written. He simply takes every opportunity to slam any enemy of the syndicate, just as he would go to any depth in praising the work of their production. This subject will be harped upon in this magazine very often, because it is an evil of some moment, and an evil which public knowledge would naturally do much to correct.

Well, much the best all-round performance, taking the play and the acting together, given this month was *Maria Stuart,* at the Irving Place Theatre. It not only offered the opportunity to see a splendid tragedy, as well suited to the stage as to the study, but it offered an exhibition of genuinely trained acting. It also introduced a number of players new to New York, and one of them, Fräulein Schiffel, as the Queen of Scots, did the best work. If *Maria Stuart* were played as well on Broadway as it is on Irving Place its success would be more than doubtful. Its popularity heretofore in English has rested largely on the opportunities it gives to a woman star. The elevated, steady, dramatic action which it has is not of a kind which our average audience appreciates readily, and the mere fact that it is an unrelieved tragedy would work strongly against it with the full-dress class of New Yorkers. There is a play in town at this writing, infinitely beneath Schiller, and yet with a good deal of dignified, intellectual and dramatic worth, which has been a failure because the incidents in it were not sharp enough to meet the tastes of the Broadway clientèle. There were other reasons, too, for its lukewarm reception. It was produced at the Broadway Theatre, which is outside of the charmed circle, by managers having no connection with those who rule the American world, and therefore not only were most of the critics consolable at least at the thought of its collapse, but there was a more intricate reason for the lack of interest in it. There is in every branch of art a great power in being in the fashion. The fashionable in art or life is that little group on which general attention is fixed, the individuals of which are known by name and by current gossip, and this light interest of curiosity and intimacy exists to a very slight degree for actors who are not run by the combination. This is nobody's fault. It is simply a fact to be noticed, like any other. It must be said, however, that in one respect the producers of *The Ghetto,* this Dutch play which ran for three hundred performances in Amsterdam, deserved to fail. Afraid to trust a real tragedy, they allowed the play to prepare steadily for a tragic ending, and then they tacked on a sudden rescue, of a quality fit to adorn the pages of any ten-cent ladies' magazine.

This craving for happy endings and sympathy is one heavy drag on American dramatic art. Another is the devotion to comic relief; and this sin introduces us neatly to *Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam,* by Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard, which William H. Crane, an actor with a praiseworthy addiction to American dramas, produced at Wallack's Theatre. There

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SCENE FROM "PETER STUYVESANT."

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was the opportunity for a first-class accomplishment. The theme was an admirable one. The setting, the historical environment, were of strong, legitimate interest to our countrymen. The plot in its main channel was easily and effectively dramatic. Peter Stuyvesant, a strong-willed man, ruled New York, or rather New Amsterdam, at a time when surrounding dangers called for the strong hand. The British settlers in New England threatened his little community, even as Great Britain now threatens to enforce her superior civilisation on the unwilling Boers. A dangerous plot had just been perfected by which an English man of war was to sail into the harbour at the same time that the Dutch cannon were rendered harmless by British employees in Stuyvesant's service. Then Great Britain was to make a proposition which New Amsterdam would have no power to reject. Old Peter politically is very shrewd, and his care, manifesting itself in scanning the surrounding country with a spy-glass from the top of a hill, discovers one element of the scheme, other parts of which he had already suspected. With his astuteness in political matters was mixed roughshod blindness to the sentimental intricacies of the human heart, and in endeavouring to concoct three marriages to carry out his political plans this density to whatever lies out of his domain of intelligence is developed. It will be seen, doubtless, that the story in this case is closely related to the character of the central figure; that that character is interesting and individual; that the matters with which he deals are large, important and dramatic; and that, therefore, there is every reason why two such competent men should have given us a comedy which could have taken its place permanently on the stage and on the library shelves. There were two principal reasons why they did not do it. First, they drove comic relief into the ground. Most of the doings of the lovers and of Peter in relation to them were purely silly, and they were repeated beyond all patience. The second fault was a certain dead conventionality in one thread of the plot, the much overworked spy trick, which here appeared in its baldest form. To remove these two flaws would not be enough, but to remove them and then replace them with material as good as some of the characterisation and the main thread of the plot would mean true success.

Not to stop over *The Only Way*, a good play well acted, but without special significance for us, or over *The Gadfly*, a failure beyond the wildest dreams of anybody concerned, something is due to the series of performances given at the Grand Opera House by a number of fairly well-known actors. There is a good deal more education shown in these productions than there was in a similar venture at the Herald Square last year, but there has been no such exhibition of native talent as Miss Tyler gave in Juliet. For one thing, however, this aggregation of Louis James, Kathryn Kidder and Charles B. Hanford deserves unstinted gratitude. While they shorten the plays, they do it purely for convenience and acting, not at all as a sop to prudery or as an exhibition of literary taste different from Shakespeare's or Sheridan's. Therefore it is possible to get a great deal of pleasure out of their performances. Moreover, Mr. James showed some gift for humour, and Mr. Hanford proved that vigour and speed, even accompanied by a horrible rant, were better than the common attempt to play Shakespeare realistically. Miss Kidder's Hermione is a thing the awful depths of which it would be depressing to fathom. In her catalogue of faults she numbers one which does more to make Shakespeare impossible than most others combined. This is a reliance on pauses to do almost all her work for her. It is a great trick in contemporary acting, and many contemporary plays are written for it. But that was not Shakespeare's method, and the first thing that anybody who wants to play him should learn is to take a fast gait easily and keep it.

Norman Hapgood.

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ART IN AMERICA

ART—the word has a familiar sound; we have all heard it mentioned once or twice. Never mind; let us listen and hear it once or twice more. For not only the talk of art, but the study of art, even the practice of art, goes on around us with a good deal of briskness, and hopes for art and hopes through art thicken the thin but eager atmosphere of our national life. Will all this hope, all this activity, lead to anything of serious significance? Are we likely to get out of our undertaking enough to pay us for what we are putting in? What are the prospects, in this field, for us as Americans, and more particularly as Americans of this peculiar day and generation? Can we really expect to have an art for ourselves and our country? There are reasons for saying no. What of heredity? What of our environment? What of the spirit of our age?.

First. Our ancestry is against us. Heredity says no. We are Anglo-Saxons—as the public prints, through the past year, have unceasingly reminded us. As Anglo-Saxons we are chary of a display of emotion, and emotion is the warp of an art work, as technique is its woof. Or, to employ an illustration from chemistry, art is a molecule that consists of two atoms, skill and (speaking grandiloquently) inspiration. We are incapable of getting pleasure, as do the French, out of the conscious cultivation of our emotional side. We suffer under the blight of mental modesty. We do not court "scenes"; we instinctively avoid them: we renounce the raw material of drama. It rather embarrasses us to hear the more passionate of the operas sung in plain English. We are not Italians; the footlights and the prompter's box have not sunk very deeply into our nature.

Furthermore, as Anglo-Saxons, we are without any devotion to general ideas. M. Taine finds but one Englishman endowed with that quality—John Stuart Mill. Mr. Mill never gave himself to art. The English mind devotes itself to definite practical fact rather than to broad ideas. We gain a good notion of the relative qualities of the French mind and the English when we compare the Gare de l'Est with Waterloo Station. In the one case we have order, clearness, lucidity—a general disposition apparent almost at first glance to the veriest stranger; in the other case a chaotic, amorphous mass—a labyrinth hardly intelligible to the habitué himself. These same qualities, to a greater or less degree, show in the literary forms of the two countries.

Again, the social spirit among the Anglo-Saxons is none too fully developed. We fail in many forms of art from the undue preponderance of the individual and from the ease and freedom of private initiative. This is shown most clearly in the architecture of our city streets. Now, if the backbone of art is form, good form is best secured by the establishment of generalised types, and these types are best evolved by the prevalence of the social spirit, by the consciousness of solidarity—a characteristic so conspicuous in the Latin races of to-day, the followers of the old Græco-Roman tradition. Art results from a national, a racial co-operation; the individual should not count for too much as against the general mass of his community.

The place of the Anglo-Saxon in the world of to-day is determining itself with extreme clearness. We see ourselves—whether too flatteringly or not—as a race of rulers and administrators, the Romans of the modern world. Our place is on the dais or under the canopy; and art, as practised by other—and inferior—races, may amuse our leisure and adorn our festivities. The Greeks were privileged to do as much for the Romans of the Empire; let the French, the Germans and the Italians do as much for us. And the Poles—let us not forget the Poles.

To-day political dominance makes for commerce, and the question of commerce brings up the question of Philistinism. This malady, whose ravages throughout the Anglo-Saxon world have been so widespread and so fatal, dates its origin from the later years of the seventeenth century, when the English had

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finally wrested the commercial supremacy of the world from the Dutch. Since then English Philistinism has kept step with English trade. Other commercial peoples have needed art and have respected it—the Venetians, the Florentines, the Dutch themselves. England neither needs art nor respects it.

Several efflorescences of art among the English may seem to gainsay this—the building of the Gothic cathedrals, the rise of the Elizabethan drama, the progress of the Victorian novel. What can be said to explain all these away?

The Gothic cathedrals—the noblest art manifestation of the Christian era—were hardly the work of Englishmen. The earlier of these structures were inspired by the Norman-French—were even erected by Norman workmen brought across the Channel for this express purpose.

The Elizabethan drama represents a certain stage in the development of the English mind and the English nature that could not have come before and cannot recur hereafter. I see the Elizabethan Englishman as a lusty youth of eighteen or twenty, vigorous, wayward, masterful, generous, curious, enthusiastic. He is an original depository of real force, but has not yet made his compromise with the world, nor buckled down into harness to do a major share of the world's work. In the year 1599 the Englishman was mewing his mighty youth; in the year 1899 he is a weary Titan who is casting about for a second Titan, younger and less weary, who shall help him bear the "white man's burden."

The English novel is usually too deficient in sense of form to pass seriously as a work of art, however magnificent a depository it be of documents on human nature. One possessed of sufficient boldness might declare the same the case (to a lesser degree) with the Shakespearian drama—which the Frenchman does not yet accept as a fit offering for a Gallic audience. The plays of Racine and Corneille may strike us, of the other race, as arid and factitious, but they are all that the French claim for them as absolute works of art.

The Anglo-Saxon feels the irksomeness of rigid form and resents its tyranny; he has not the docility to submit to such discipline. He lingers fondly on the jagged edge; he requires the spaciousness of unlimited elbow-room; he loves the loosely-flying end, the vague and dusky corner. It is the Latin who asks for clarity, proportion and clean-cut contour. In a sense, the artist is a kind of minor creator; his own little earth should not be "without form."

Is it the artist's first function to hold the mirror up to nature? Is not his allegiance less to nature than to his own conception? Is not nature sufficiently recognised by occasional back references for verification—since the artist must keep his types and symbols intelligible? Let him found his work on ideas and illustrate and enforce by facts. His task is the creation and vivification of an organism that, by reason of its own inherent power, shall hold itself erect and move itself along. This quality is held in common by such diverse masterpieces as the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, the Sextette from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and the air called "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night"—our newest national anthem.

Art rests upon the passion for expression—expression by means of harmonious arrangements of forms, colours, sounds, motions. Facility in expression should be cultivated in advance of the formation of habits of observation. During the one great art movement that is near enough to us for close study not only of results but of processes—the Italian Renaissance—boys in studios learned to express ideas as soon as ideas began to form and before the habit of scientific perception had been acquired. It is an error to confound the representation of nature with art—the Japanese should have made this plain to us—or to suppose that a painstaking fidelity to nature is a necessary condition for excellence in art. Turner, too exceptional an Englishman for acceptance among his own people, frankly declared that "Nature put him out"; mere facts embarrassed the emotional expression of ideas. Whatever success the English have had in art has come, as Mr. Henry James somewhere states, from their fondness for overcoming difficulties, and the chief of these difficulties is a fundamental inaptitude for art. South Kensington rises before us, and the laborious procedure of the Pre-Raphaelites. M. Taine's

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English Literature rests in part upon the mistaken assumption that the artist is as typical and illustrative a figure in England as in France. In France, however, the artist has the public behind him. With our race the artist is an exception, an abnormality, and frequently a victim. Keats was one; Shelley was another. The first thing for a man to be is to be a man. Then, if he likes and if he can, he may go on and be a gentleman—at his own risk. Let him go farther, if he will, and be an artist—generally to his own undoing.

We *are* Anglo-Saxons, dominantly; the essential Englishness of us is coming out more strongly with every day. It shows, for good and for bad, in our social ideas, observances and aspirations; in our growing love of sport and in the strengthening tendency toward out-of-door life; and in our easy conviction that the ark of the covenant rests in our keeping and that the brown man and the black can do no better for themselves—and for us—than to seek shelter under its protecting wings.

Secondly. Our environment is against us; let us consider ourselves as Anglo-Saxons in our New World.

Our principal characteristic, the outgrowth of our advances in democracy and of our occupancy of a new, bare, empty country, is our passion for biography. We have no traditions, no accumulation of interests from the past; like little Dombey, we have "taken life unfurnished." Thus our great interest is the human interest—our interest in one another. America, of all countries, seems to have developed the keenest appreciation of human nature—of human nature disassociated from all conventions and mere external trappings; our "game" —wrongly so called—of poker has been accepted by a fascinated Europe as one of the most cunning and potent touchstones ever devised for the testing of the human spirit.

This results: that our public, in so far as it cares for the artist at all, cares only for his personality, his individual presence. It gives little heed to his ideas, and less to his expression of them. It wants to see the man himself—once; the interest is that of a mere personal curiosity, and is soon gratified. I cannot imagine a general and intelligent interest in a composer or in his opera; the interest in an "all star cast," visible to the body's eye and nailing our fleeting attention by actual presence, takes its place.

Art, with us, meets no real internal requirements. The best of us don't need it; the second best don't want it; the third best won't stand it. Let us not take certain favoured sections of the metropolitan centres, where the art plant may happen to be cultivated, for all in all; let us remember Arkansas, and Montana, and rural New England, and the slums. No; art shall adorn the rich man's triumph and shall prettily furnish forth our parlour mantlepieces. Having taken life unfurnished, we call upon Art to act as upholsterer—that is all.

The American temperament, as viewed by races that have, or have had, a genuine art life may sometimes seem a bit cheap. Our poverty of temperament is not so great as that of the English, but it will serve. From this same outside point of view the texture of the American mind may seem flimsy and sleazy, and the soil of the American nature shallow, arid and sandy. Surely there are times when we stand before a great and serious work of art like so many snickering children. The American nature, geologically speaking, may be said to be composed of alternate layers of slush and of grit; sometimes one stratum of our subsoil is turned up, sometimes another. We were rather soft when Trilby came, but generally the other condition prevails. There are those of us who would not trust ourselves to a frank and generous expression of emotion or even of enthusiasm with a fellow Anglo-Saxon, and yet would not hesitate to take the risk with a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German. The Anglo-Saxon would be either amused or embarrassed. This explains many things—among them the absence, the impossibility, of an English opera.

The young student in the arts—he grows more numerous daily—fills one with sympathetic dread. For his equipment he has his initial enthusiasm and a certain measure of academic training. But there are no springs in the national life to feed his reservoir, and in a few years he will run dry. There need be no shame in failure—no shame even in public failure; but the public failure that follows a gratuitous proclamation of one's

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ability to please is none too pleasant, while the fate that keeps one's failure before the public through all one's middle years—the stage is cruel, here—involves a catastrophe, indeed.

There are other considerations to deter us.

Our climate is against us. Ethnologists call our continent the graveyard of nations; its air has stimulated race after race into their graves. Too much of our work in art is the direct product of mere nervous irritation.

Our business preoccupations are against us. The chances for material success are still too many and too easily taken.

The existence of a vast market is against us. Our cities have grown enormously; our race has spread over the world. Great is the reward of address and of compromise. The metropolitan rabble must have its endless output of trashy songs—and can pay for them. Mediocrity, whether in England, America, India or Australia, throws down its half-crown or its half-dollar, and calls for its customary measure (in 12mo) of swagger and violence and blood—nor fails to get it.

The acute national ambition to exploit the efforts of others is against us. But the hall-mark of the artist absolute is his wish, as an individual personality, to do and be the thing in its entirety—to proceed regardless of organisation, of co-operation; he desires neither to direct nor to be directed in turn. This feeling is, of course, in opposition to the whole trend of modern American civilisation.

Some of our social ideals are against us. There are those of us who want to be artists and give themselves out, and yet want to be gentlemen and hold themselves back. Here, again, our ancestry crops out: the Anglo-Saxon ideal of the gentleman involves a certain measure of restraint and reserve.

The spread of common school education is against us—everybody can read and write. This is the age of waste paper—of "widely diffused intelligence." Art has had its great days when scarcely anybody could read and write—and for that very reason. "Please sign this receipt," says Mr. Ruskin, paying off an artisan who has just finished a particularly good piece of work. "I do not know how to write," replies the man. "Nor how to read?" "No, sir." "Aha!" cries Mr. Ruskin, "now I understand why you do your work so well!"

We have neither respect nor reverence. As has been well said, we are the best half-educated people in the world. We have lost untutored man's capacity for reverence, yet have not reached the capacity for respect that follows upon well-grounded instruction. The new man, stimulated by the needs and the opportunities of a new land, turns a quick mind to many things, and is only too well satisfied with his own general handiness.

Furthermore, there exists among us an incorrigible propensity to live life rather than to represent it, or to discuss it, or to speculate upon it. We have a wonderfully fine opportunity to live, and we are taking full advantage of it—like the good and normal Occidentals that we are.

But more and more our intellectual living goes on merely from hand to mouth, and this is the most serious of all our obstacles. Sufficient unto the day is the newspaper thereof. In the morning we skim the *Daily Vaudeville,* stuffed full of paragraphic "stunts"; at night we "take in" (subscribe for, this means in London) the *Evening Casino* or *Alcazar* and feast on a variety of short dramatic articles—the poems, sketches and "storiettes" of the stage. Upon such scrappy sustenance our mentality fritters away, and we become incapable of anything like a general apprehension and appraisal of a work of art. We catch at specific features. In light opera these features (whatever the time or place of action) are likely to show forth in the form of cake walks and of "rag-time" ditties. In architecture they break out with a restless tinnishness of peak and gable and bay-window.

To counteract this tendency the more noble of us co-operate in clubs and collect information. But from information to education is a long step, and from education to culture a longer one, and from culture to art a longer one still. Here is a zigzag road in many stages. The feet of the predestined find a shorter cut.

There is a general art tradition for the Aryans, and we scarcely seem in the line of succession. The art movement of the world, as far as it concerns us (setting aside Japan), has been along one central

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axis, near which we hardly appear to lie: Greece; the allied stock of Etruria—meaning both the ancient Etruscans and the modern Tuscans; and France—the single nation, to-day, that has at once a copious stock of ideas and a full ability to give those ideas complete artistic expression. We may dislike some of those ideas, and our racial predilections may be offended by the fashion in which they are "turned out"; but the combination remains unbroken. Matter may fail, at least in the secondary, derivative forms of art, but manner must not. If that seems hard doctrine, let this be added: there are more important things than art, and in these things matter is much and manner is little.

Possibly the leadership in art is about to depart from France and leave her as the other Latin races have been left—with full command of speech, yet with nothing to say. It may be that the primacy will pass to the nations of the extreme north, whose hearts and souls seem crowded with immensities seeking utterance, but whose speech has hardly yet shaped itself (saving always Ibsen) to conformity with the canons of art hitherto prevalent. Perhaps the new forms that the new art demands will come from Russia and Scandinavia. But the notion that every race must express itself in the arts is untenable; races no less than individuals may be born inarticulate.

Our national genius, however, *is* expressing itself with great fluency, volume, eloquence—in its own way and its own field: politics, finance, invention. The caucus is ours, and the trust; and we shall all doubtless get to heaven on flying-machines of our own contriving.

Our average citizen, trudging along the road of life, encounters the contrasting figures of the strolling player and the highwayman. The one asks; the other demands. The success of the first lies in his power to please; the strength of the second is in his mastery of the situation. Mr. Cit. naturally accords his respect to the highwayman; the artist necessarily retires before the bravo of finance. The artist aims to express himself; the young American of spirit and ambition looks, on the contrary, to impress himself—and as heavily as he may; he gallantly resolves not to make his living, but to take it. Wall Street awaits him; New Jersey beckons, fecund of corporations. His choice is quickly made—and in full deference to the modern criterion of success.

Art, in order to win consideration, must be big, like the Columbian Exposition; or rather brutal, like some of the work of Mr. Kipling, with its recrudescence of the fierce northern worship of main force; or very successful financially. We will not withhold our respect from a painter who can ask and get high prices for his work. Our enjoyment of an opera season experiences a supplementary glow and quickening when, at its close, we read of the vast profits the enterprise has reaped. But what composer ever brought a new work to the Metropolitan or to Covent Garden?

We are without convictions, though open enough to ideas. But we have no means of gauging their relative values, and so the faddist and his fad have their own way with us. We are flighty, fidgety, restless; if we have a national dance, surely it is St. Vitus's. We are the victims of changing fashions in clothes, furniture, house fronts. The clothes we discard; the furniture we banish. But the house fronts? They remain—so many entries in the diary of our national life, so many evidences of our vacillating taste and of our thick-trooping follies.

Those things are properly ours that we have produced for ourselves, from ourselves, without pattern and without precedent. England had no pattern for Magna Charta; America offers no precedent for the trolley-car. It is Germany that fashioned the symphony; it is France that worked up the Grand Lever. America has enriched the world with a long list of novelties and wonders, but none of these relate themselves to art. It is an error to assume that prosperity has a prescriptive right to all the good things of life; no notion is more mistaken than the notion that art is merely for the embellishment of material success.

Thirdly. The spirit of the age is against us. Hail, Platitude! descend and tell us yet again that the day is scientific, not artistic, and critical, not creative. A hundred years from now, people will pause in the arranging of their pantheon of electrical engineers to wonder why their ancestors, in an age distinctly scientific, not to say mechanical, could have

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gone on trying to paint, model, write, compose. They may conclude that certain talents of our day were incapable of anything save effort along old conventional lines in old and consecrated fields, or else that the artist was unwilling to sacrifice the degree of social consideration that he at last had attained. The violinist of two hundred years ago was a mere servant. The actor of to-day is still congratulating himself on his improved status in society.

Modern life, as Mr. Stillman has somewhere implied, has become so differentiated from the early stages of human existence that the influence of beauty and the dependent influences of art have become no longer essential to the progress of the human intellect. Do we *want* art? he asks. No, he seems inclined to answer; art has little more hold upon the modern mind than has alchemy or astrology. It is passing, as they have passed.

Discoveries and inventions have come upon us so thick and so fast that a kind of mental indigestion has resulted. The forms of art lag far behind the present quick-footed advance in mechanics, and the artist has done little to close the gap. Shall we ever have a sightly station for the elevated road? French professional visitors to the Columbian Exposition withheld a full meed of praise from our court of honour. They saw only architectural scenery reproduced from past styles. They found but little effort to place an artistic impress upon the newer building materials. Our display, they thought, contributed nothing toward solving the problems that confront the modern architect.

We plead our youth. But art, being essentially disinterested, properly belongs to the youthful days of a race. We, of this latter day, are too self-conscious, too well-poised, too calculating, too cool-headed for the work of disinterested expression and creation. The art-function is a thoroughly healthy one, and is the peculiar right and characteristic of young organisms. Later on, the gastric juices of the imagination cease their secretions, and a reign of dyspeptic literalism sets in. To-day the swing of the pendulum is neither so wide nor so vigorous as it once was; certainly we never knock out the sides of the clock-case, as happened more than once among the wits of the Mermaid. Impassioned imagination has cooled; when we improvise we confine ourselves to the middle octaves of the keyboard.

The acutest manifestations of the latter-day spirit are found, of course, in our large towns and their environs. In the West, especially, some of our cities, in certain of their aspects, seem to be not cities at all, but rather rough-and-ready substitutes for cities or grotesque parodies on cities. There can be but slight hope for art among a people who have so little concern for externals, for the appearance of things, or who have so willing an aptitude as we for disfiguring and defiling the face of nature. But these traits are not confined by any means to our own continent, they are declaring themselves with hardly less certainty over the whole of Western Europe, where, within the last twenty-five years, all respect for nature and all concern for beauty have lapsed away most woefully. The world is becoming horrible. Modern man marks the earth with ruin in a thoroughgoing fashion that the poet, who wrote before the invention of the locomotive, could hardly have dreamed of. We take our pleasures as brutally as we satisfy our needs; the tourist-railways in the Tyrol speak almost the last word in downright barbarism. The odious developments of modern advertising need not be dwelt upon. Gains involve losses; everything must be paid for; and here we have the price exacted by a rising democracy, by a spreading industrialism, and by the thickening appliances that the luxury of modern living demands.

Art, to-day, is a poor creature who finds herself in a position sadly false; the circumstances of the case make it inevitable that she should cause trouble for herself and for everybody else. She is a trial, a burden, a bother—happy the nation, as some one has well observed, where she has never penetrated. Let her, then, retire for a few ages, yielding place to the other concerns and interests that are so much nearer our hearts and so much more in consonance with our requirements. Let us not deplore our inaptitude for art, but let us put a stop to mistaken endeavour and call a halt on misapplied energy. We are under no obli-

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gation to create artificial needs and difficulties for ourselves. Visitors from over-sea sometimes tell us that we might do better if we had an aristocracy. We ourselves sometimes visit mid-Africa and tell the natives that they would do better if they wore clothes. But aristocracy is an unnecessary incumbrance in the first case, and clothing in the second; may not art be an unnecessary incumbrance in the third case—the one under discussion? Let us dispense with it; the less we trouble ourselves about it the happier we shall be. Let us try to make ourselves as contented in our world as the Greeks were in theirs. Let us establish a harmony by the elimination of the one discordant element. Let us refrain from too serious attempts in a field that heredity and environment and the spirit of the age all combine to make it difficult if not quite impracticable for us to work in. Still, our time may come. The fusion of racial elements—we are not all Anglo-Saxons!—may bring us a shining aptitude for the arts, and a day may dawn less devoted to grimy new facts and less dominated by nervous tension and headlong speed. But not yet.

Meanwhile, let art wait outside.

Henry B. Fuller.

NEW YORK IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part III.—The New City

X.

NEGLECTED PHASES.

Several of the chapters of *Olivia Delaplaine* Edgar Fawcett devoted to a picture of Mrs. Ottarson's boarding-house, a red brick, high-stooped structure on Twenty-third Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. It may be noted here that this house had no tangible original. Mr. Fawcett placed it for the purposes of the story in West Twenty-third Street, but always felt it to be one of the houses in Fourteenth Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, "that domain where the boarding-house is ubiquitous." These chapters have an interest far beyond their narrative importance. They call one's attention to a field, a phase of New York life, wonderfully rich and typical—a field in which the novelist will not only have a small world of contrasts, characters, complications within four walls, but in which he will be absolutely untrammelled by the traditions or influences of European writers. There is no need of going for new types and material to the West or the Southwest. The boarding-house is, on the whole, rather more American than Red Gulch or Yuba Bill. The American writer may find an inspiration in the squabble of the Bayneses, the Bunches and the MacWhirters in *The Adventures of Philip* or the intrigues of the *Maison Vauquer* of Balzac's *Le Père Goriot.* But the inspiration must be purely technical.

Not but that we have had little touches of this life: it has been a rich field for the joke makers. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has introduced us to its breakfast table and pelted us with its harmless if superfluous epigrams. But none has treated it seriously in literature or done justice to its vulgarity and its tragic gloom. In the boarding-house scenes of *Olivia Delaplaine,* passing over the very obvious fact that no woman ever talked as did Mrs. Ottarson, we feel that the Rev. Drowle, the Spillingtons, Bankses and Sugbys are flagrant caricatures, very degenerate descendants of the Americans of *Martin Chuzzlewit.* Mrs. Amelia Sugby, purveyor of the literature in which chambermaids and factory heroines delight, is a type that has been so persistently flaunted that it has ceased even to bore. Few writers touch even remotely on this subject without contemptuous allusion to the floorwalker type. But where is the man who will lay bare for us this floorwalker's soul, this floorwalker's egotism,

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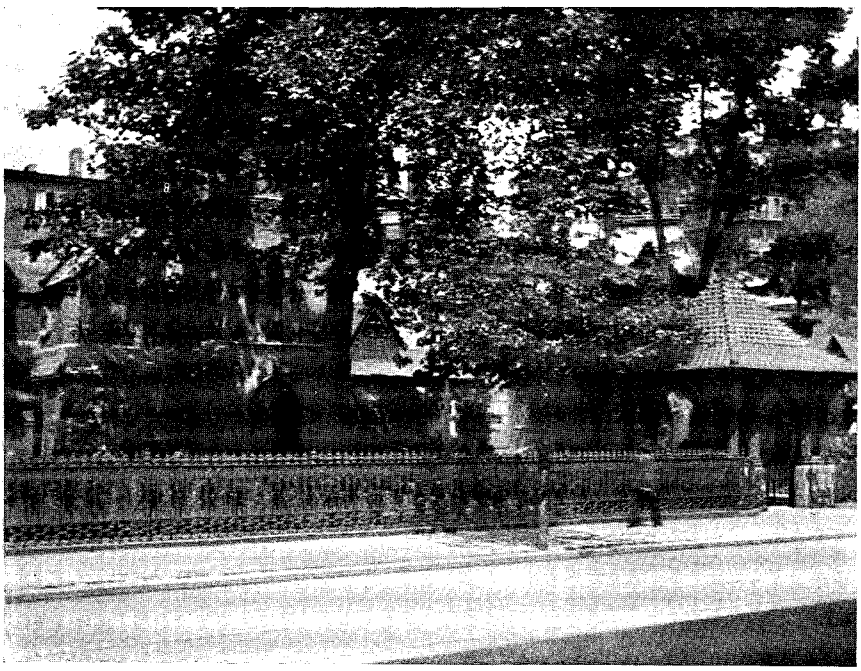
"THE BERKELEY"—R. H. DAVIS.



"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER"—DAVIS AND MATTHEWS.

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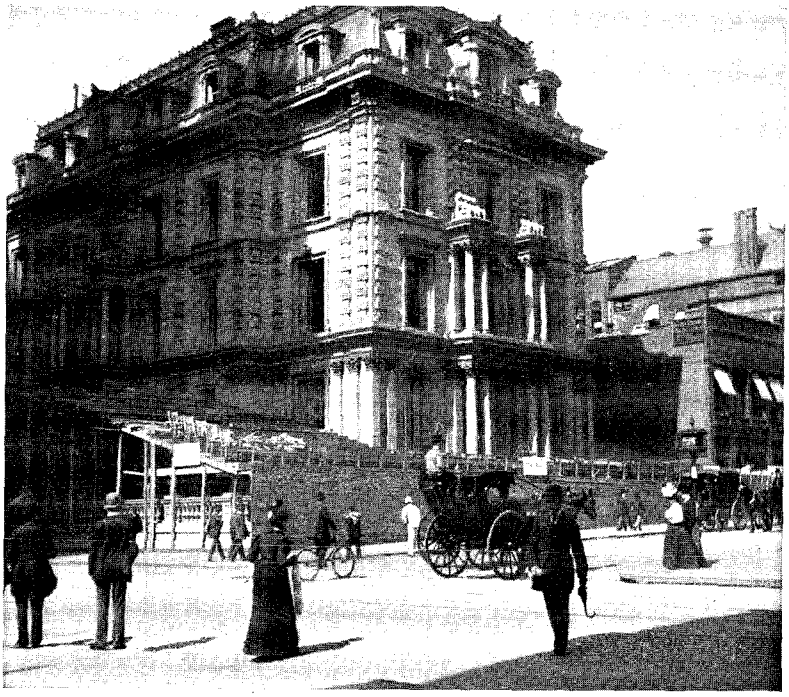

MANHATTAN CLUB—P. L. FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING."

"POVERTY FLAT"—J. L. FORD.

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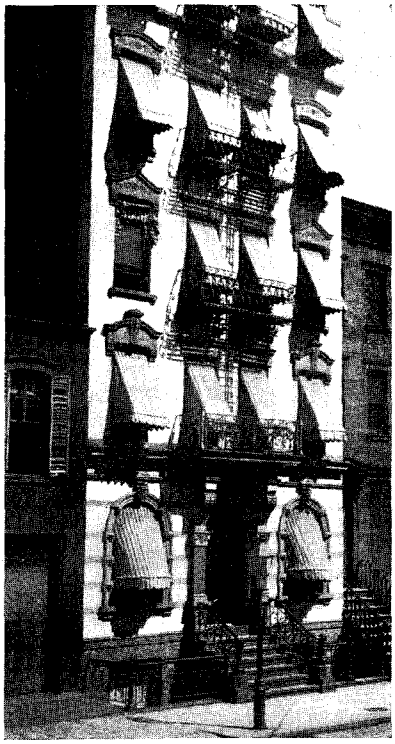
before the light of which the arrogance of the feudal baron must pale; the floorwalker distinction which poisons, vitiates and makes ridiculous the social systems of the communities in the neighbourhood of great cities.

Boarding-house life, vulgar as it is, is too great and too vitally American to be treated merely in caricature. We have seen somewhat inadequately its laughable pretence, its amusing vanity, its sham elegance. But the man who treats its shabby gentility seriously, who can grasp its power, its intrigue, its passion, its pathos, will come very near to giving us the great American novel.

A man cannot spend very many days wandering about his New York without stumbling upon corners and neighbourhoods seemingly designed for no other purpose than to give contrast and local colour to the maker of fiction. He need not go far out of his way in the search. They will flash by him as he peers out of windows of elevated trains—bits of green high up on roof tops, glimpses of rear-tenement life. The closes leading from both sides of the Canon Gate, the Cowgate and the High Street, which no American visiting Edinburgh would allow himself to miss, are no more picturesque and are infinitely less interesting as spectacles of human life than our own rear tenements. Many of the most picturesque of these were swept away with the reclamation of Mulberry Bend. There are still many throughout the Ghetto, among the streets lying under the Bridge, and here and there higher up on the east and west sides. Some striking back tenements exist or existed until recently between East Thirty-second and East Thirty-third Streets, near the river. A few years hence this phase of New York life is likely to have passed away, and if these articles provoke one reader to a closer acquaintance with the rear tenements of New York, they will not have been written in vain. A piquant and

MRS. PEIXADA'S HOME—H. HARLAND'S "MRS. PEIXADA."



TILUSKI'S HOME.
H. HARLAND'S "AS IT WAS WRITTEN."

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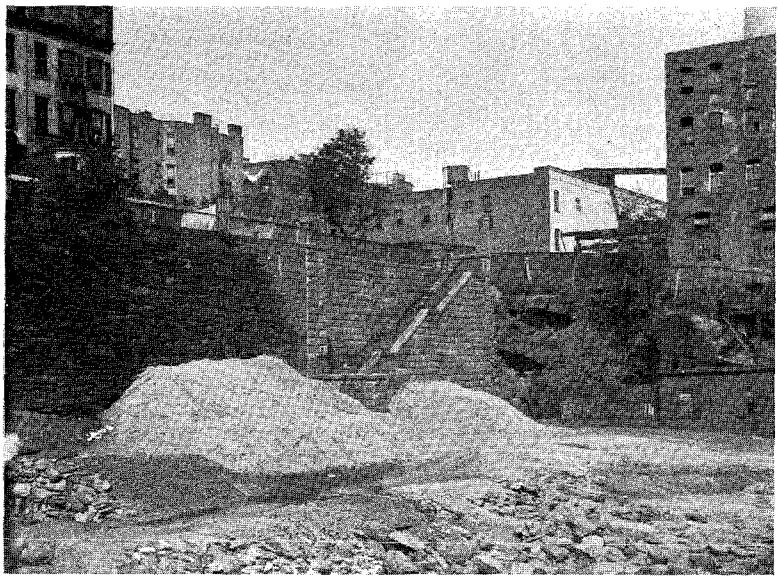
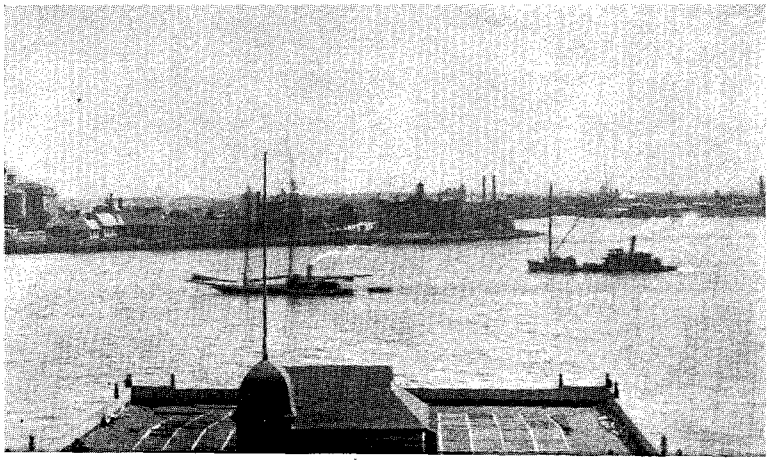


THE TERRACE—H. HARLAND'S "AS IT WAS WRITTEN."

perhaps morbid curiosity for the darkness and gloom of a great city is the heritage of Dickens. James L. Ford in *The Literary Shop* described, it will be remembered, the barbed-wire fence that magazine magnates had stretched across the city at Cooper Union, and below which no purveyor of New York fiction with an eye to disposing of his work could discreetly go. As must be the case with any book of real satire, it was based upon a good deal of truth. It is probably due to the fact that the treatment of low life in our fiction is of comparatively recent origin that so much of the darker strata of New York have been ignored.

Whatever of his books may be preferred by the reader, it will usually be found that among the bits of London of which Dickens wrote there is none that has exercised a greater and more holding a charm than the debtor's prison of the Marshalsea. To the normal well-dressed Londoner residing, let us say, somewhere in Hammersmith or the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, the vast region "over



"THE RIVER, THE PENITENTIARY AND THE SMOKE FROM THE OIL FACTORIES OF HUNTER'S POINT."

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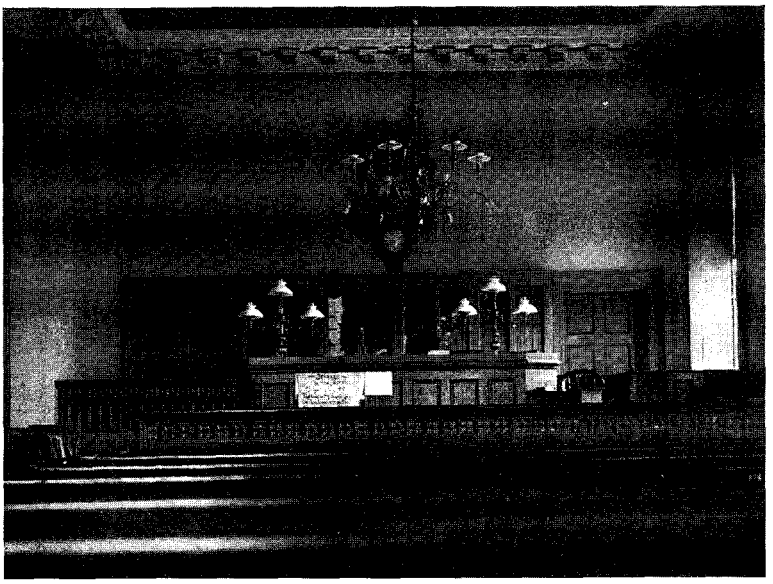
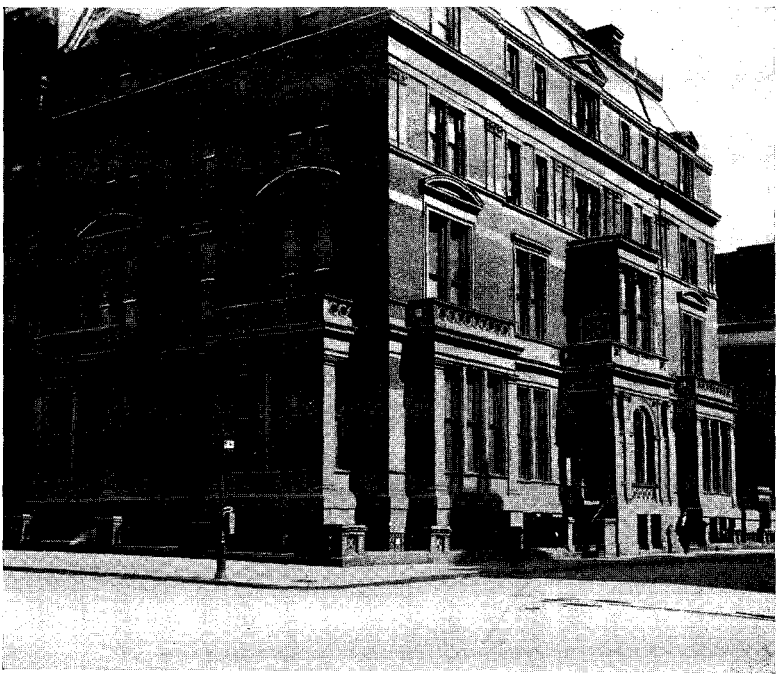


SCENE OF J. L. WILLIAMS'S "MRS. HARRISON WELLS'S SHOES."

the river" means something a little mysterious and weird. Blot out that part of Paris which lies "over the river," and the loss to literature would be infinitely more far-reaching. There lie the streets trod by Messieurs Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, the scenes of one-half of what is greatest in the *Comédie Humaine* of Jean Valjean's skulking pilgrimages, of the light loves, the *fourberies,* the poig-



JOHN LENNOX'S HOUSE—WESTCOTT'S "DAVID HARUM."

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"VAN BIBBER AND THE SWAN-BOATS"—R. H. DAVIS.

nant sufferings of Murger's men and women. The Thames and the Seine! Both are pregnant with literary significance. We have two rivers; but our novelists seem to find no inspiration in studying them by light or dark; our poets don't pipe their little lays over their darkness, their mystery, their tragedy, their treachery, their silence. For the "over the river" in New York fiction we must rely on the future. Yet not far from the river on the Brooklyn side, near to the Sands Street gate of the Navy Yard, is a series of little alleys quite as dirty, as picturesque, as rich in suggestion as the alleys of Dickens's London. Again might be pointed out Fort Lee and the Sound side of Staten Island, with the looming chimneys of Constable Hook. Years ago, in one of those juvenile publications then the source of endless delight, appeared serially a story of which the *mise-en-scène* was on board a canal-boat which lay at anchor in the Bay of Gowanus. Gowanus! There is one reader at least to whom the sight or sound of that word still thrills and charms—by whom that early impression of darkness and gloom shall never be forgotten.

XI.

MADISON SQUARE—THE BERKELEY—MANHATTAN CLUB—POVERTY FLAT.

Of recent years Madison Square seems to have an influence over the novelists of New York something akin to that so long wielded by the trees and asphalt of Washington Square. There is in the turmoil, the light, the rush of the former something very typical of New York life. The tall tower of the Garden looming high over the adjacent structures has afforded our writers an inspiration, which they occasionally use with singular felicity. That tower is one of the staple subjects of conversation of Mr. Davis's heroes and heroines when they happen to be in South America or Tangiers—or on board steamers in the South Atlantic—any place sufficiently distant from New York. The hero of one of Brander Matthews's *Vignettes of Manhattan*, the failure in life, pointed out of Delmonico's windows and confessed to his friend of the old college days that he would die out of sight of that tower. Many of the old landmarks that have passed away in recent years were linked with the Square's associations in earlier fiction.

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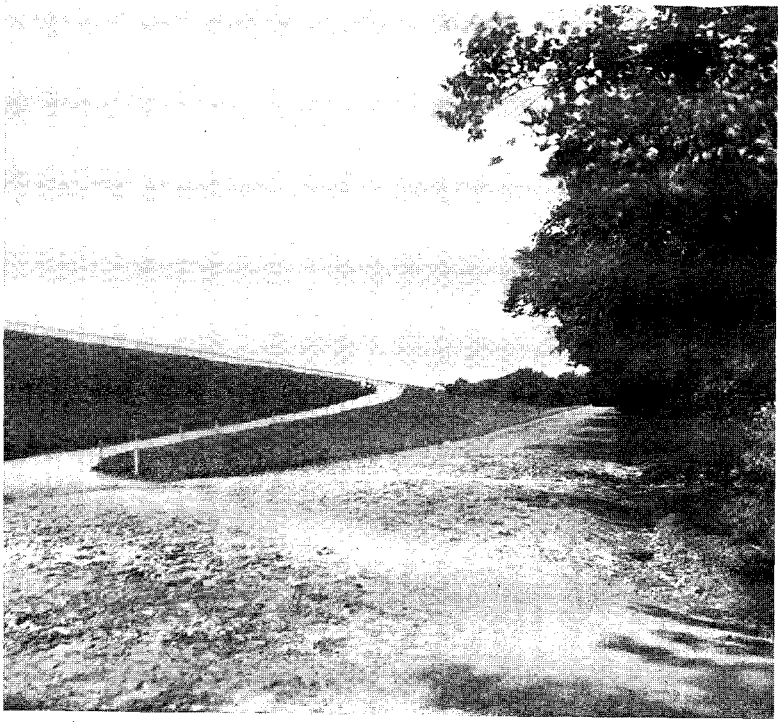

"THE LONG STRETCH BY THE RESERVOIR"—P. L. FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING."

Long before the idea of the huge garden was ever conceived the old Brunswick served as the scene of many of the episodes of Mr. Fawcett's novels. On Fifth Avenue, a little below the Square, in the heart of what is now the publishing district, lived the Satterthwaites of his *Olivia Delaplaine*.

Across the city, at Twenty-sixth Street and the East River, Hamilton Knox (J. L. Williams, "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain") used to dangle his feet over the water and watch the incoming ferryboats while waiting for Morgue news. There has been among college men, especially among Princeton men, considerable speculation as to the identity of Hamilton Knox. Hamilton Knox was drawn from Frank Morse, the Princeton half-back of the 1893 Eleven.

Two blocks to the north, on the southeast corner of the avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, is the "Berkeley Flats," described by Richard Harding Davis in *Her First Appearance*. It was here that the irrepressible Van Bibber brought the little girl whose acquaintance he had made two hours before in the theatre green-room. The apartment of Carruthers must have been in one of the upper stories of the building, for Mr. Davis speaks of Van Bibber looking out through the window and down upon the lights of Madison Square and the boats in the East River. This story was written by Mr. Davis in Twenty-eighth Street, only a stone's throw from the "Berkeley," and the illustrations which accompanied the story were drawn from one of the "Berkeley" apartments. Returning to Madison Square, the Garden Theatre is introduced in one of Brander Matthews's *Vignettes of Manhattan*. It was there that John Stone, the naval officer, and Clay Magruder, the cowboy, saw *Patience* the night before the burning of the hotel where they were staying. The "Apollo" Hotel mentioned in so many of Professor Matthews's sketches and stories of New York life was drawn from the Belvidere Hotel, at Eighteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. At Number 5 East Twenty-ninth Street is the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." It was there that Van Bibber, acting as

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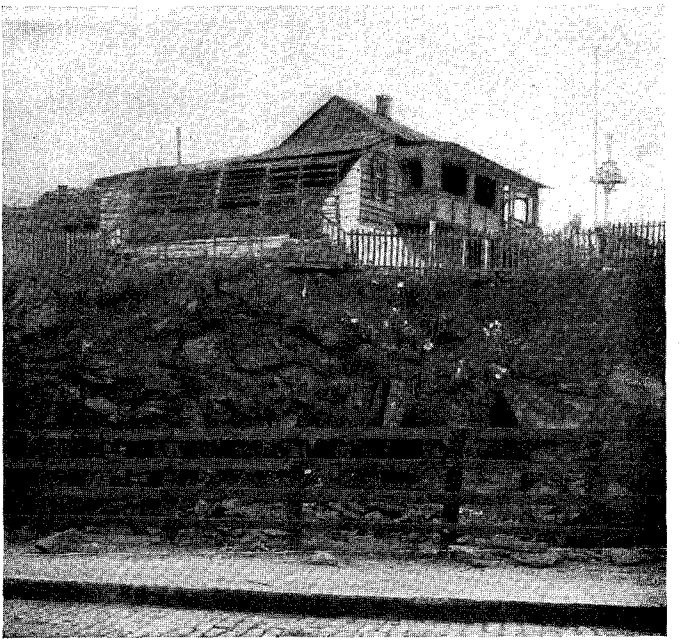

SQUATTER TERRITORY—EDGAR FAWCETT'S "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD."

"Best Man," sent the young eloping couple whom he had found dining on the Terrace at the Hotel Martin. Brander Matthews calls it "The Little Church Down the Street," and makes it the scene and the *raison d'être* of his most characteristic tale—the story of the actor's funeral, with its blood-red climax, the bearers passing stolidly down the aisle unconsciously heedless of "the dry-eyed mother of the dead man's unborn child." The curious arched entrance at the street gate was erected about four years ago, and was of course not mentioned by Professor Matthews in his graphic description of the church. Crossing the avenue, we find, at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, the home of the Manhattan Club, soon to be torn down. It was there that was held the meeting which resulted in the nomination of the Honourable Peter Stirling for the governorship of New York.

On the north side of Thirty-third Street, a few doors west of Sixth Avenue, is the Cayuga Flat which, under the name of "Poverty Flat," has figured in many of James L. Ford's short, satiric studies of New York life. In the Cayuga took place "A Dinner in Poverty Flat," and it was the scene of many of the exploits of the amiable Police Captain Fatwallet. The hero of Richard Harding Davis's "A Walk Up the Avenue" having broken with his *fiancée,* approaching the hill at Thirtieth Street is filled with satisfaction at the thought of his new-found freedom. At Thirty-second Street this satisfaction is changed to discontent. By the time he is passing the Reservoir at Forty-second Street he has made up his mind that he will always remain a bachelor. The sight of the tall white towers of the Cathedral at Fiftieth Street looming up before him makes him think with a great, wistful sadness of his meeting her some time in the far distant future. At the entrance to the Park comes remorse, meeting and reconciliation.

XII.

HENRY HARLAND'S SCENES—BEEKMAN PLACE AND THE TERRACE—ABOUT CENTRAL PARK—THE UPPER WEST SIDE.

Henry Harland began his literary career when he was working in the Surrogate's Office and living in his father's house in Beekman Place. This quaint bit of New York, perched high up on the city's eastern brink, opposite the southern extremity of Blackwell's Island, and commanding a fine view of the penitentiary, the river and the oil factories of Hunter's Point, was the scene of all his earlier and more vigorous work, written over the *nom de guerre* of Sidney Luska. At that time Mr. Harland was obliged to resort to a most rigid plan of literary work, carried out by him with the self-abnegation and energy of a Balzac. It was his custom to go to bed immediately after dinner, to rise at two o'clock in the morning and, fortified with strong coffee, with a wet towel bound around his head, to write undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, after which he started downtown for his daily work in the Surrogate's Office. The first of his books thus

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produced was *As It Was Written,* the story of a Jewish musician, splendidly tragic in its conception and scheme. The first scene of *As It Was Written* is laid at the Fifty-first Street end of the Terrace. It was there that Ernest Neuman first found Veronika, one night when the moon had risen, a huge red disc out of the mist and smoke across the river. From the Terrace at this point a long flight of white stone steps leads down almost to the water's edge. In *Mrs. Peixada* Mr. Harland gave us a long and graphic description of Beekman Place. He speaks of this unpretentious chocolate-coloured thoroughfare, running north and south for two blocks from Forty-ninth to Fifty-first Street as being in striking contrast to the rest of hot and dusty New York. In the book Mrs. Peixada's home is identified as Number 46; the apartment occupied by Arthur Ripley and Julian Hetzel being in the top floor of Number 43. In reality no such numbers exist. But Number 46 was spoken of as a corner house, and the links of circumstantial evidence scattered through the book are convincing enough to leave little doubt as to its identity. From the balcony of the house occupied by Mrs. Peixada the characters of this story looked down upon the busy river, where the tugs and Sound steamers kept up a continual puffing and whistling. Mr. Harland sees a beautiful mother-of-pearl tint in the water, and hears the band around the corner grinding out selections from *Trovatore.* Veronika and her uncle Tiluski lived in the topmost story of the white apartment house on Fifty-first Street, near Second Avenue. It was there that Neuman murdered his betrothed.

A few blocks to the west and north, on Fifty-seventh Street, is the City Court which served Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams in his story of "Mrs. Harrison Wells's Shoes." Farther up, at Sixty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, opposite the Park, we find the house of John Lennox (*David Harum*). It was on the bridle path that runs alongside the Reservoir that took place the runaway described by Mr. Ford in *The Honourable Peter Stirling.* The swan-boats in the little lake at the lower end of the Park were the inspiration of Mr. Davis's fragile and sympathetic story of Van Bibber and the little girls from the tenement districts of the downtown east side. Directly across the city, at Fifty-eighth Street and Eleventh Avenue, stood, many years ago, the cow-sheds described in *The Honourable Peter Stirling.* The "swill-milk cases" alluded to in this book actually took place in 1858; but for the purposes of the story Mr. Ford used them while writing of the events of the year 1873. The scenes of squatter life treated by Mr. Fawcett in his *Confessions of Claud* were laid about Sixtieth and Sixty-first Streets, near the North River.

(*To be continued.*)

SORRENTO

The sea is awake,
And I hear the joy of his waking
Where the waves break
In tumble of lyrics and shaking
Of Earth chords that mix in the music they make.
And the wind—the invisible rider
With invisible whip,
Guider, misguider
Of cloud and of wave and of ship,
Laughing confider
Of Morning, red dawn at her lip,
Foam-wizard—scatters over the glimmering floor
Hither to me,
Where it falls, jasper heaps on the shore,
The white dust of the sea!

Benjamin Swift.

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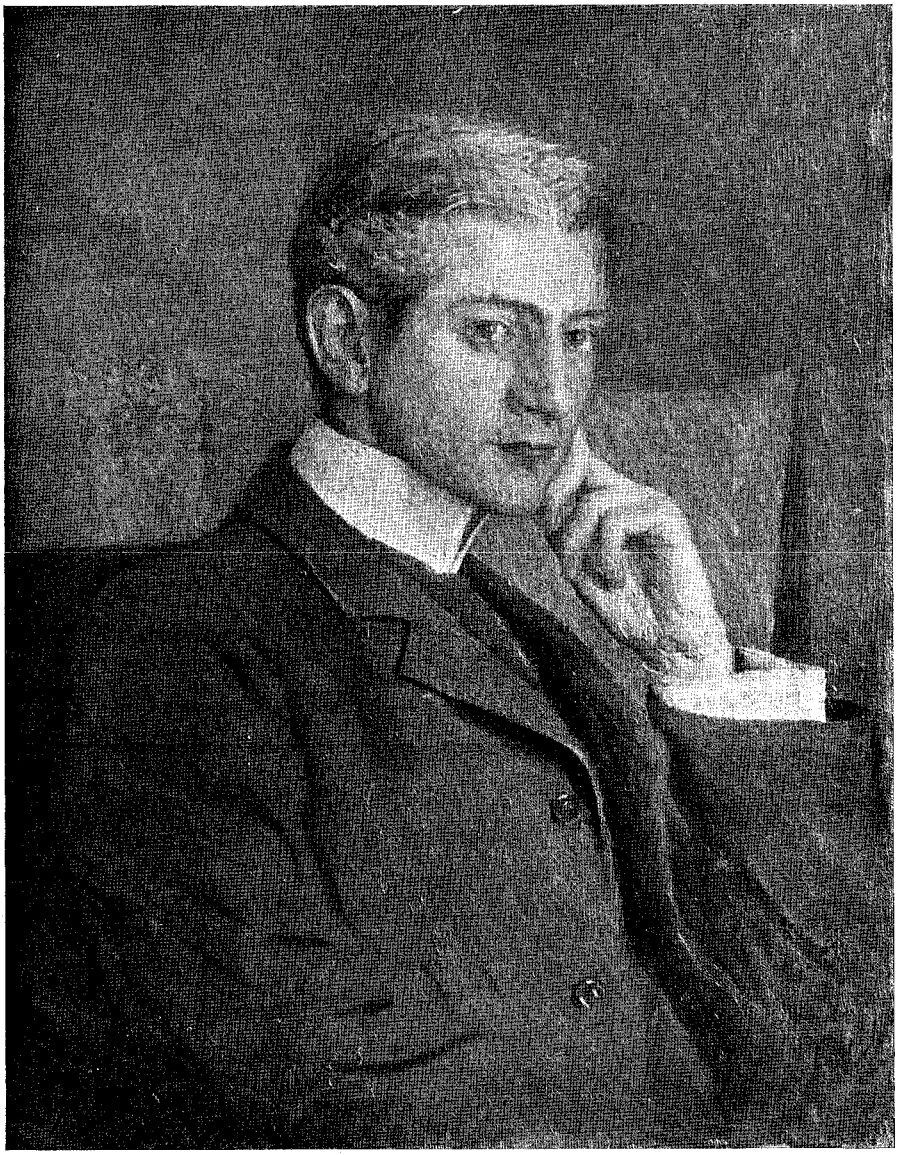

FRANK NORRIS.

From painting by Ernest Peixotto.

FRANK NORRIS, REALIST

Even if *Captains Courageous* were really so much below Mr. Kipling's usual level as some zealous critics have contended, it would still have placed lovers of fiction in his debt, if only for having brought the romance of sailor life again into favour. It opened up a golden opportunity to a host of new writers, and more than one of the younger reputations of to-day are due to this renaissance of stories of the sea. Morgan Robertson's *Spun Yarn* and Joseph Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* are instances which come at once to mind, while a more recent, and in some ways a more significant, example, is Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady*

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Letty—a book which no less an authority than Mr. Howells has heralded as the forerunner of a new era in American fiction. Impartially considered, *Moran* is scarcely a masterpiece—just a strong, fresh idyl of the sea, conceived with a reckless disregard for plausibility, but full of the dash of waves and the pungency of salt breezes, and amply redeemed by the brave, frank, loyal character of that "daughter of a hundred Vikings," Moran herself.

But the real significance of Mr. Norris's first book lies far less in the plot than in the resourceful vigour of his language and the admirable accuracy of minor details; and more interesting than the undoubted promise that it contains is the promptness with which that promise is being redeemed. Mr. Norris is a young man to have attained his present measure of success, being still in the vicinity of thirty; and the very versatility which his work exhibits is an indication that he is yet engaged in testing his strength and seeking his true path. Three other novels have followed *Moran* in rapid succession, each offering a fresh surprise and dealing with an utterly different theme, but showing at the same time a steady gain in power along the lines which stamped the first book as a work of sterling merit. *McTeague,* which immediately followed it, is frankly, brutally realistic; a study of heredity and environment, symbolising the greed of gold, and dominated throughout by the gigantic figure of the dull and brutish dentist, ox-like, ponderous and slow. *Blix,* which has just been issued in book form, offers a sharp contrast. It is a sparkling little love story, clean and wholesome, the chronicle of an unconscious courtship between a young couple who begin by agreeing that they do not love each other, and then make the dangerous experiment of trying to be simply and frankly good comrades. *A Man's Woman,* now running serially in the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the New York *Evening Sun,* is the most ambitious effort that Mr. Norris has yet made. The central figures are an Arctic explorer, whose heart is divided between two passions, his love for a woman and his ambition to reach the northern pole; and a woman, "a grand, noble, man's woman," strong enough to subordinate her own love for him to the furtherance of that ambition. The story abounds in dramatic situations, of an intensity often bordering on the repellent; while the convincing pictures of gruesome suffering amid the desolate ice-plains of the far north cannot fail to be recognised as a remarkable *tour de force* Here is a single passage which admirably conveys the flavour of the whole book:

> There were six of them left, huddled together in that miserable tent. . . . Their hair and beards were long, and seemed one with the fur covering of their bodies. Their faces were absolutely black with dirt, and their limbs were monstrously distended and fat—fat as things bloated and swollen are fat. It was the abnormal fatness of starvation, the irony of misery, the huge joke that Arctic famine plays upon those whom it afterward destroys. The men moved about at times on their hands and knees; their tongues were distended, round and slate-coloured, like the tongues of parrots, and when they spoke they bit them helplessly.

Yet varied and uneven as these four volumes are, they nevertheless afford a fair criterion of Mr. Norris's powers and limitations. They prove him, first of all, to be a man who appreciates the dynamic force of words, and who can bend them to his own use—a man who can see life as it is, the earnest, pulsating life of to-day, and is courageous enough to regard the function of the novel as something higher than a mere pastime for the Young Person. It would be an interesting study, if space allowed, to trace the genesis of Mr. Norris's style, for many different influences have helped to form it. Somewhere in his writings he says of one of his characters, a young journalist: "He had begun by an inoculation of the Kipling virus, had suffered an almost fatal attack of Harding Davis, and had even been affected by Maupassant," but was "now convalescing and had begun to be somewhat himself;" and if we do not force the parallel too far, this will apply fairly well to the author of *Moran* himself; for Kipling, Davis and Maupassant have each left their imprint upon him. To be sure, he "began to be somewhat himself" at a rather early stage; even *That Animal of a Buldy Jones,* that slight *esquisse* of the Paris Latin Quarter, which appeared in *McClure's Magazine,* bears the unmistakable hall-mark of individuality. Much of his independence, no

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doubt, is due to his journalistic training and the experiences incidental to it; one can hardly have had a share in such thrilling scenes as Jameson's raid and the siege of Santiago without gaining a broader view of the relativity of things. But of the writers who have helped to form him, Kipling is one of the most obvious. Like Kipling, Mr. Norris is marked by an exuberant virility; his books are essentially men's books, his heroines, with the exception of McTeague's Trina, are essentially men's women. Yet it is just here that he and Kipling part company, for Mr. Norris has a fantastic ideal of womanhood undreamt of in the philosophy of him who wrote *The Vampire*.

As for his indebtedness to Maupassant, no one can read far in *McTeague* without discovering that its author's literary creed is realism. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, he has an obstinate and often exasperating vein of romanticism running through all his work. It is his pet failing, his besetting sin, so to speak. A disciple of Zola and of Maupassant, a high-priest, as it were, of Things as They Are, he adheres doggedly to the blunt truth and at times is brutally outspoken, never softening or palliating a thought where he conceives it essential to the fidelity of his picture; occasionally his very imagery verges upon coarseness, as when he describes the ships along the city's water-front, "their flanks opened, their cargoes, as it were, their entrails, spewed out in a wild disarray of crate and bale and box." And yet every now and again this same acute, clear-visioned writer will perversely sacrifice not only truth, but even verisimilitude for the sake of a melodramatic stage effect, even at the risk of "an anti-climax worthy of Dickens," as Mr. Howells has characterised the closing scene in *McTeague*.

Nevertheless, it is beyond question that Frank Norris is a realist by instinct and by creed. As between the two French masters, however, his realism is less that of the author of *Le Horla* than it is that of Zola, the Zola of *Germinal* and *Pot-Bouille*—a realism with a half-unconscious symbolism underlying it. It has often been pointed out how each of Zola's novels is dominated by a central symbol, some vast personification, which is constantly kept before the reader. Similarly, to take but one of Mr. Norris's novels, the symbol in *McTeague* is the spirit of greed represented by gold: we find it in the lottery prize which Trina wins; in the huge gilded tooth of the dentist's sign; in the Polish Jew, Zerkow, "The Man with the Rake, groping hourly in the muck heap of the city for gold, for gold, for gold;" in the visionary gold dishes of Maria Macapa's diseased fancy, "a yellow blaze like fire, like a sunset;" and finally in the coins on which Trina delighted to stretch her naked limbs at night, in her strange passion for money, and which finally lured both McTeague and his enemy to their death in the alkali desert. Another resemblance to Zola is the swing and march of phrase and sentence; the exuberant wealth of noun and adjective; the insistent iteration with which Mr. Norris develops an idea, expanding and elaborating, and dwelling upon it, forcing it upon the reader with accumulated synonym and metaphor, driving it home with the dogged persistence of a trip-hammer. Here is a passage which, brief as it is, will illustrate this quality:

> Outside, the unleashed wind yelled incessantly like a sabbath of witches, and spun about their pitiful shelter and went rioting past, leaping and somersaulting from rock to rock, tossing handfuls of dry, dustlike snow into the air; folly-stricken, insensate, an enormous, mad monster gambolling there in some hideous dance of death, capricious, headstrong, pitiless as a famished wolf.

So far, Mr. Norris has shown small interest in psychological problems—in self-questioning, introspective men, in neurotic, high-strung women, the product of our complex modern civilisation. It is only in *A Man's Woman* that he has verged upon analytic methods; and even here his characters are too simple and primitive to give him sufficient scope. To save the woman he loves from fancied danger, Bennett sacrifices the life of his best friend as ruthlessly as that of the fractious horse which he fells with his geologist's hammer. Had they been every-day, commonplace people, the shadow of that friend's death would have lain between them, barring the way to happiness. Bennett and Lloyd brush it aside with an ease that savours of the stone age. His characters are none of them troubled with an over-refinement of sen-

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timent; they are for the most part normal beings, with a healthy animality about them, rugged, rough-hewn men, and dauntless, self-sufficient women. He deals by preference with primitive characters, dominated by single passions. He paints upon a broad canvas and with bold strokes, and his figures often have something of the Titan about them. From Buldy Jones to Bennett, his favourite heroes are cast in this giant mould, big of bone and strong of sinew, with square-cut head and a salient "prognathous" jaw. Such an one had Captain Kitchell, in *Moran of the Lady Letty;* so, too, had McTeague:

> A young giant, carrying his huge shock of blond hair six feet three inches from the ground; moving his immense limbs, heavy with ropes of muscle, slowly, ponderously. His hands were enormous, red and covered with a fell of stiff, yellow hair. His head was square-cut, angular; the jaw salient, like that of the carnivora.

Bennett, too, the savage, indomitable Bennett, is of the same brotherhood: "His lower jaw was huge, almost to deformity, like that of a bull-dog, the chin salient, the mouth close-gripped, the great lips indomitable, brutal. The forehead was contracted and small, the forehead of men of single ideas, and the eyes, too, were small and twinkling, one of them marred by a sharply defined cast."

In dealing with women, it is Norris's wont to paint pleasanter pictures, but here, too, he dwells mainly on physical attributes. He never wearies of describing their features, the colour of their hair and eyes, the odour of their neck and arms, their "whole sweet personality." It is curious to see what a fascination woman's hair seems to have for Mr. Norris; it fairly haunts him like an obsession. He dwells upon it constantly, lingeringly; it is the one great charm of each and all of his heroines, and he never lets us lose sight of it for an instant—they are forever smoothing it, braiding it, putting it up or down; it enters into and lends a colour to their every mood. Moran Sternerson has "an enormous mane of rye-coloured hair," which "whipped across her face and streamed out in the wind like streamers of the northern lights." Travis Bessemer, in *Blix,* "trim and trig and crisp as a crack yacht," also has yellow hair, "not golden nor flaxen, but plain, honest yellow;" "sweet, yellow hair, rolling from her forehead." Lloyd Searight, in *A Man's Woman,* has auburn hair, "a veritable glory; a dull red flame, that bore back from her face in one grand, solid roll, dull red like copper or old bronze, thick, heavy, almost gorgeous in its sombre radiance." Even small, delicate, enæmic Trina McTeague has "heaps and heaps of blue-black coils and braids, a royal crown of swarthy bands, a veritable sable tiara, heavy, abundant, odorous. All the vitality that should have given colour to her face seemed to have been absorbed by this marvellous hair."

But it is not alone the scent of feminine hair and neck and arms on which Mr. Norris likes to dwell; his pages are redolent with smells of all sorts and conditions—a veritable carnival of odours. McTeague's dental parlours exhaled "a mingled odour of bedding, creosote and ether"; in *Blix,* the Chinese quarter suggests "sandalwood, punk, incense, oil and the smell of mysterious cookery." Here again is the fragrance of the country in midsummer, as set forth in *A Man's Woman:*

> During the day the air was full of odours, distilled as it were by high noon. The sweet smell of ripening apples, the fragrance of warm sap and leaves and growing grass, the smell of cows from the near-by pastures, the pungent ammoniacal suggestion of the stable back of the house, and the odour of scorching paint blistering on the southern walls.

And as a companion-piece to the foregoing, here is an unsavoury bit from the same volume, a glimpse into Bennett's tent in the Arctic regions, redeemed by the dramatic suggestion of the closing words:

> The tent was full of foul smells: the smell of drugs and of mouldy gunpowder, the smell of dirty rags, of unwashed bodies, the smell of stale smoke, of scorching sealskin, of soaked and rotting canvas that exhaled from the tent cover—every smell but that of food.

It is his gift of depicting the physical side of life, the smells and sounds and tastes of the external world around us, which makes Mr. Norris so convincing, even when he gives free rein to his imagination. He recognises with great frankness the potent part that the senses still

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play in our modern social cosmogony; and he seems to enjoy pointing out that in spite of our boasted civilisation, *La Bête Humaine* is still very near the surface in these end-of-the-century days. He prefers, when possible, to isolate his men and women, to get them away from the veneer of modern refinement and set them face to face with nature and their own passions. He delights in "the great reach of the ocean floor, the unbroken plane of the blue sky, and the bare green slope of land—three immensities, gigantic, vast, primordial," scenes where "the mind harks back unconsciously to the broad, simpler, basic emotions, the fundamental instincts of the race." He is nearly always at his best when describing the elemental, unchanging aspects of nature; the "golden eye of a tropic heaven," "the unremitting gallop of unnumbered multitudes of grey-green seas;" the "remorseless scourge of the noon sun" in the alkali waste of Death Valley, where "the very shadows shrank away, hiding under sage-bushes," and "all the world was one gigantic, blinding glare, silent, motionless." Best of all, perhaps, is such a picture as this of the limitless desolation of the Arctic ice fields:

> In front of the tent, and over a ridge of barren rock, was an arm of the sea, dotted with blocks of ice, moving silently and swiftly onward; while back from the coast, and back from the tent, and to the south and to the west and to the east, stretched the illimitable waste of land, rugged, grey, harsh, snow and ice and rock, rock and ice and snow, stretching away there under the sombre sky, forever and forever, gloomy, untamed, terrible, an empty region—the scarred battlefield of chaotic forces, the savage desolation of a prehistoric world.

The rugged amplitude of passages like these has led more than one critic to advise Mr. Norris in all seriousness to leave the life of the city and confine himself to the mountains, the ocean and the plains, wherein they insist that his true strength lies. This verdict, however, is open to serious question: it is true that Mr. Norris's strength lies in depicting life on a gigantic scale, and he has turned instinctively to these wild regions because here at least he is untrammelled, with limitless space for his spacious canvas and broad, sweeping strokes; and, nevertheless, it is an equally stupendous task, and one requiring much the same talents, to portray humanity on a large scale, the thronging crowds in the streets, pushing and eddying, the whirl and bustle of the department stores, the ceaseless traffic along the busy arteries of trade, all the motley, complex life of a great city. It is just here that Zola stands unrivalled; it is here that so many others have tried and failed. Herrick, in *The Gospel of Freedom,* and Payne, in *The Money Captain,* have tried to do it in part for Chicago. Norris, in *McTeague,* has given good earnest of what he is capable of doing for San Francisco. He is admirable at grasping and depicting the physiognomy of a street or of a room, so as to give you the illusion that you must have known them well yourself in some unremembered period of the past. McTeague's dental rooms, with the stone pug-dog and steel engraving of the Court of Lorenzo di Medici, "bought because there were a great many figures for the money;" the Bessemers' stiff little parlour, in *Blix,* "peopled by a family of chairs and sofas robed in white druggets," with the inevitable bunch of gilded cat-tails in the inverted section of a painted sewer-pipe; the Chinese tea-rooms and Luna's restaurant, where Blix and Condy loved to end the day, with "the solemn rites of a supper Mexican"—these and many like them are pictures drawn in indelible colours, which we could not forget, though we tried never so hard.

American life is growing more tense, more strenuous, year by year. There are titanic forces at work here among us as well as in the far north—the clamorous spread of population, the pitiless laws of competition, the growing powers of the trusts, grinding and fashioning our social fabric with a power as steady and relentless as the vast floes which Bennett saw crushing and grinding the ponderous blocks of northern ice. Here is Mr. Norris's true field; he has already shown how he can grapple with huge problems; let him confine himself to depicting the hourly struggle of man against man in the social and industrial world. He has many of the qualifications needful; it rests largely with himself to determine whether he will become an enduring figure in the development of a representative American fiction.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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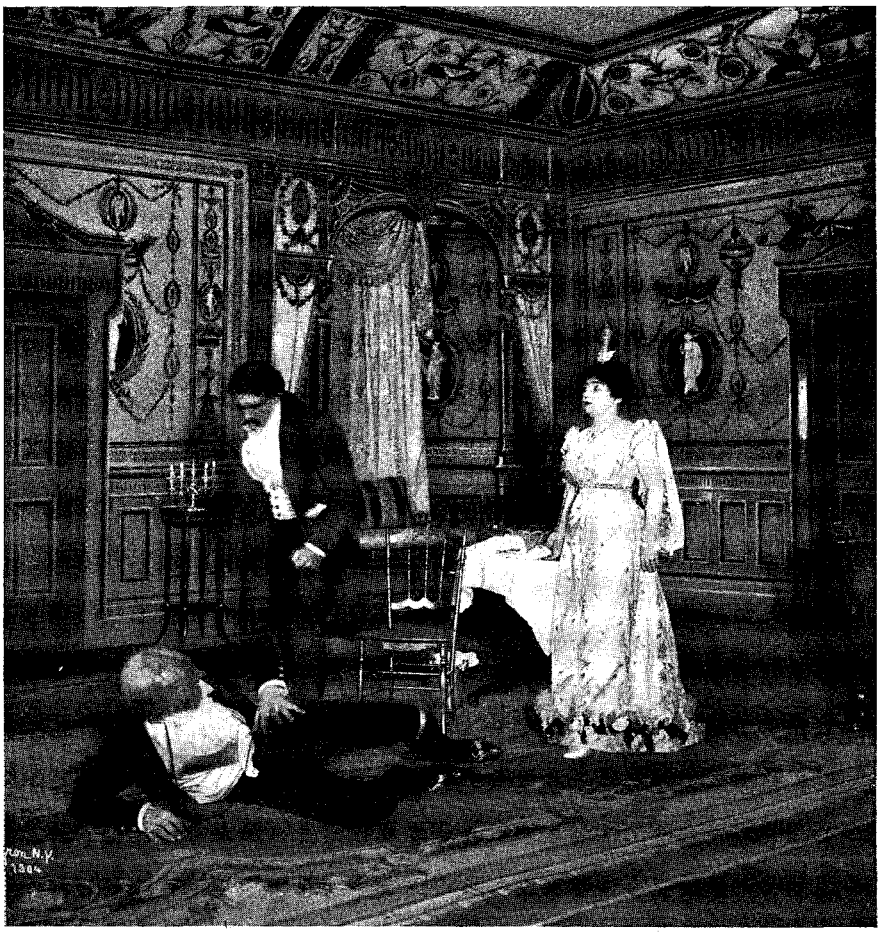
THACKERAY'S BECKY

BETWEEN 1840 and 1845 Thackeray's position as a man of letters and as a man whose mission it was to win money as well as honour with his pen was uncertain and insecure. His relations toward English society—accepting that word in its narrower sense—had really not yet begun. His literary achievement was already considerable. *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1838; before that the *Snob Papers* and the *Memoirs of Yellowplush* had provoked amusement and some discussion; between the years mentioned above came the Paris, Irish and Eastern Sketch Books, *Catherine* (begun in 1839), *Fitzboodle Papers* and *The Luck of Barry Lyndon,* as it was called when running serially; he was of course a regular worker for *Punch,* and deriving from his labour an income sufficient to keep him and his children in comparative comfort; but still his success was only relative, he was on the high road to forty, probably somewhat embittered by seeing men of inferior talent passing over his head, by having much of his best work "edited," cut down to make space for articles and stories of dubious merit—this was the case with *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*—he feared, in short, that



BECKY ADMIRED HER HUSBAND, STRONG, BRAVE AND VICTORIOUS.

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he was drifting toward obscurity and hack work. English society he saw as a whole—in perspective. He was not burdened by extraneous, unimportant details—he saw as yet types rather than personalities. The society which he knew intimately, of which he himself was a part, was very good society in its way—a society of men of letters, of artists, of musical people on one hand, on the other of lawyers and physicians and city men—but of course not the "best" society, not the society in which Becky Sharp moves in the supreme chapters of *Vanity Fair,* the society of Major Pendennis and the Park Lane Newcomes. With this society he had a good general acquaintance; even some intimate knowledge. He knew Burke, Debrett, the Almanach de Gotha; he read the Court Calendar in the morning papers as became a good Briton and a man of the world. He had not eaten its dinners, but he had writhed under its unassailable insolence, its injustice, its stupidity. Its titled zanies had cantered by him in the Park, he watching afoot; its women had stared at him through and beyond him on board channel steamboats and at Continental spas. Its very flunkies had flouted him. And it would be absurd to deny that that great mind thought much on the subject of flunkies; that to be ignored scornfully by the servants of great men stung him to the core. There was more than mere banter in *The Yellowplush,* the *Jeames de la Pluche Papers* and his ballads about "Jeames of Berkeley Square." The bitterness, the fierce scorn which sustained and inspired him, was not merely contemporaneous with the writing of *Vanity Fair, Pendennis* and *The Newcomes.* It was in a measure inborn. Circumstance and environment tended to nurture it. It might be said that the germs of the *Snob Papers* and of *Vanity Fair* were in his mind during his years at the Charter House and at Cambridge. Certainly before he had fairly passed out of his teens he had laid the foundations of his treasure of meditated hatred. When, after his fortune was lost, by "unfortunate speculation," and he had come to realise bitterly and reluctantly his limitations as an artist, he took up the pen—it was inevitable that this should be his inspiration and theme. We know how he began the attack, savagely, bitterly, relentlessly—striving in the portraits of his Deuceaces, his Crabs to show the enemy heinous, devoid of the slightest instincts of humanity or honour. There is something very jarring in the crudity of the *Yellowplush Papers* and *A Shabby Genteel Story.* As the years passed this hatred lost nothing of its depth or virulence, but the man himself grew calmer, learning patience and restraint that the blow might go deeper, that the enemy might wince the more. It is to this frame of mind that we owe *Pendennis, The Newcomes* and the later chapters of *Vanity Fair.* To a distinguished German visitor in London who spoke to him of *Vanity Fair* as the book from which he had learned to read English, Thackeray has said to have replied, "And that's where I learned to write it." He learned more than this—much more. It seems as if in the writing of the early chapters some film was swept from before his eyes. Reading between the lines, it is not very difficult to trace the curious intellectual development of the man, the strengthening of his purpose, the marvellously quick expansion of his view of human life.

It would be difficult to say how long the theme of *Vanity Fair* was in Thackeray's mind. The seed thought was undoubtedly there at the time he was writing the *Snob Papers* for *Punch*—and, after all, these papers pretty well cover the range of Thackeray's philosophy. Later we find him trying vainly to induce publishers to undertake a series of sketches illustrating certain phases of great English society. Incomplete and comparatively imperfect as these must have been, they were no doubt the foundation of many of the greatest chapters of the book when the little adventuress is battling to hold her position in the great world. Of course it is little more than mere supposition, but one does not hesitate in ascribing the chapters on "How to Live Well on Nothing a Year," the picture of the rotten borough of Queen's Crawley, and, above all, the chapter Gaunt House, indisputably the most tragic and convincing bit of writing Thackeray ever did, to this source. But to give these fragments life, to weld them into the narrative, there were needed a theme and a central figure. The theme Vanity Fair was spontaneous and sincere. He saw vaguely the differ-

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ent elements and factors, the puppets and the booths, the Brussels chapters, the Dobbin Doll and the Amelia Doll, the ex-collector of Boggley Wollah and the "richly dressed figure of the wicked nobleman." The real *tour de force* was the central figure, a being who was to be totally unprincipled and selfish, as Dickens's central figures had been the reverse, a woman preferably, as Dickens had chosen men. To this end he created Becky Sharp. She was never an object of his honest aversion. She was in no sense born of his hatred or indignation. But committed to the task of making her odious, he began and maintained an attack which was unjust, ungenerous and unparallelled in literature. With what result we know; we have accepted her, we believe in her as devoutly as in Charlemagne or Belisarius—and for that matter know her a great deal better—her characteristics, her appearance are as much a part of history as Cyrano's nose or the perruque or the high-heeled boots of Louis XIV.

When Thackeray took up the question of her immediate ancestry, painting in a few strokes the dingy lodgings in the neighbourhood of Soho, the dissolute father in his cups, the atmosphere of smoke and gin and water and wild talk and ribald song, it was in no spirit of explanation or excuse. He was not forging a chain of inevitable heredity, aiming to show that the errors and shortcomings Becky's subsequent career might bring forth were to be in a measure condoned in view of her tainted ancestry and early environment. That her father was a Bohemian, her mother a French ballet dancer; that while yet a child she had known intimately the pawnshop, the public house, degradation and sin and shame—these in the eyes of a creator were the unpardonable crimes for which she was to be lifted to a great height only at the supreme moment to be dashed down and destroyed. Whatever malicious construction may be put on them, in view of a subsequent history, there is nothing very reprehensible or heinous in the episodes of her early career. She flings back the dictionary grudgingly bestowed by a tyrannical and foolish old woman; homeless and poor, she planned and schemed to marry Joseph Sedley—and the present writer, for one, cannot but think that she would have made him a good wife and that Jos's life would have been one of endless curries and hookahs and punches and after-dinner naps. Balked in this, she invades Queen's Crawley, and in the course of events encompasses the rout and capture of the Crawley heavy artillery. But of course as yet Thackeray's hand was by no means firm. Those early numbers created no furore. Indeed, they were received pretty much as the first instalments of the *Pickwick Papers* had been received before Mr. Pickwick came upon Sam Weller in the White Heart Inn. It is not until Waterloo has been won and lost and the allies move on Paris and the book begins to write itself that *Vanity Fair* assumes epic proportions. Then what was comedy becomes tragedy; the style changes, becomes natural and easy, loftier and more serious; there is no longer the obvious hesitation, the half-hearted doubt; event follows event logically and without apparent effort on the creator's part, and the genius of the man and the greatness of the work shine out transcendent.

To make his puppet properly odious to the respectable British reading public Thackeray resorted to a systematic and perfectly cold-blooded scheme of attack. He knew what effect the besotted painter and the French opera dancer would have. At the outset he took the reader into his confidence and deplored Becky's hypocrisy. He made her stingy, he put lies into her mouth, he gave her a child that he might show her unnatural in her lack of the maternal instinct. But of which of these attributes has she been accepted as the incarnation? In speaking of the bad or heartless mother we don't think of Becky Sharp. The miser and the liar call up to mind other names—Baron Munchausen, the Argan of Molière, Shylock, the Dorante of Corneille. It is entirely as a supreme type of hypocrisy that she has been accepted. And this despite the fact that no woman of fiction was at heart more free from the taint.

When Molière placed the figure of Tartufe on the stage he was all aglow with his hatred. Tartufe has avarice, inhumanity, gross immorality. Nothing overwhelms him; jars his effrontery.

"Vos injures n'out rien a me pouvoir aigrir
Et je suis, pour la ciel, appris a tout souffrir,"

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he says when exposed by the too-confiding Argan.

Like William Blifil in Fielding's *Tom Jones,* that story which Thackeray loved, admired and abused so, like the Joseph's Surface of Sheridan's comedy, and Mr. Pecksniff, his dominant trait was belief in his own consummate merit and virtue. Tartufe, Surface, Pecksniff, each of these met in the end the well-deserved retribution and exposure—paying the penalty of that hatred for what is intrinsically good and noble and sincere, which is the foundation of hypocrisy. But what of this has Becky Sharp? When she lies it is as the diplomat lies. Born a man and aided by circumstances, she might have been an empire maker. As it was, her creator would have liked to have portrayed her as playing the part of a Maintenon or a Du Barry, but the face of history was set rigidly against her, as it was set against the Musketeers who would have saved the head of Charles the First; as it was set against Brichanteau when, inspired by the memory of the immortal four, he conceived the scheme of seizing the King of Prussia in his tent and holding him as a ransom for the integrity of France.

Thackeray's attitude was the more strange because his own and his puppet's enemies were practically the same. Snobocracy, the cringing to money, the supercilious contempt of the unkind fool —these drove her to sin and subterfuge as they drove him to satire. "How they cringe to that Creole because of her hundred thousand pounds!" she thinks very humanly. "I'm no angel," she acknowledges to herself with frank humility, tinged with a little sadness; "I could ask old women about their rheumatisms and order half a crown's worth of soup for the poor. I shouldn't miss it much out of five thousand a year." One cannot read the chapters which deal with Becky at the time of her apogee without feeling that Thackeray for a moment lost his hold upon his creature, that her triumphs and the glare of Gaunt House dazzled him, that he forgot for a brief period that his duty was to make her odious, and saw her only as a *grande* dame who dined from gold plate and played at charades with lords and serene highnesses. Then and only then does he lay aside the sarcasms and insults and carry on her career with artistic aloofness. But in her later life, when all her great friends have turned away from her, as people do in Vanity Fair, and she is drifting about the continent from *pension* to *pension,* spending her days between the green table and the brandy bottle, daubing her cheeks with rouge and wincing under the impertinences of the Grinstones, Raikes and Sucklings, she is made to pay dearly for this temporary respite.

Those episodes in her career on which it is customary to lay most stress hover around Gaunt House, and are the result of her relations with Lord Steyne, who has been identified as the Marquis of Hertford, the greatest reprobate of his day. Hertford is said to have fumed over the portrait. But why? What a *grand seigneur* it was that Thackeray depicted! How princely he was in his *ennuis!* What a figure—since *Vanity Fair* is the basis of a play that is with us for the best and most artistic stage presentation! What a chance has been missed! It seems as if among the male puppets of *Vanity Fair* Steyne alone was worthy to take his place opposite the book's heroine. What a scene could be made of his allocution to the women of his household at the breakfast table at Gaunt House when the question of sending an invitation to Mrs. Rawdon Crawley comes up for discussion.

"This house," he broke out with a laugh, "who is the master of it? and what is it? This Temple of Virtue belongs to me. And if I choose to invite all Newgate here, or all Bedlam, by —— they shall be welcome."

Above all, what dramatic inspiration and material there is in that chapter Gaunt House, the very apotheosis of *Vanity Fair!* what tragedy! what grandeur! what gloom! Let us take, for instance, as a possible bit of stage dialogue to be appropriately worked up, the story of Lord George Gaunt.

There was talk of appointing him Minister, and bets were laid at the Travellers that he would be ambassador erelong, when, of a sudden, rumours arrived of the secretary's extraordinary behaviour. At a grand diplomatic dinner given by his chief he had started up and declared that the *paté-de-fois-gras* was poison. He went to a ball at the hotel of the Bavarian envoy, the Count de Springbock-Hohenlaufen, with his head shaved and dressed

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as a Capuchin friar. It was not a masked ball, as some folks wanted to persuade you, it was something queer, people whispered. His grandfather was so. It was in the family. . . . Lord George Gaunt gave up his post on the European continent and was gazetted to Brazil. But people knew better; he never returned from that Brazil expedition—never died there—never lived there—never was there at all. He was nowhere—he was gone out altogether.

"Brazil," said one gossip to another, with a grin, "Brazil is St. John's Wood. Rio Janeiro is a cottage surrounded by four walls, and George Gaunt is accredited to a keeper who has invested him with the Order of the Straight Waistcoat." These are the kind of epitaphs which men pass over one another in Vanity Fair.

To determine the question of Rebecca's guilt or innocence it is now necessary to point out that in one of the last chapters when she meets Lord Steyne in Rome, at the great ball of Polonia's, Thackeray gives her the unmistakable action and attitude of a discarded mistress. It was true that Pendennis's innocence in the affair with Fanny Bolton was not led up to, but despite the loophole of uncertainty, to accept Becky as a creature of flesh and blood, and consequently to judge her by the standards of actual life, is to dissipate the last shreds of doubt. It is noteworthy that Taine, who knew how to read between the lines and could judge dispassionately, never hesitated—basing on this alone his comparison between her and Balzac's Valerie Marneffe—a comparison not readily understood by the English or American reader. But granting this guilt, the encounter between Rawdon and Steyne rings from the woman's breast a note which sounds transcendent over all the little vices, selfishnesses and meannesses of her career. Becky admiring her husband strong, brave and victorious is not merely the supreme touch of Thackeray's pen, it reveals a depth and a contradiction absolutely impossible in the woman of petty soul. Her transgressions must be laid to society. There was in the little adventuress humility and some kindness, too, though life taught her to steel her heart against it. The kindness of others touched her, the tainted years of struggling and scheming and posture making never destroyed her reverence for better things, and with the memory of her sin and her punishment must live the memory of the words she utters when listening to the parting between Amelia and Dobbin—the last distinctive words before we take leave of her. "Ah, if I could only have had such a husband as that, a man with heart and brains too, I wouldn't have minded his big feet!"

A. B. M.

TO THE LATE-LINGERING MOON.

Thou poor pale ghost of midnight's mellow Moon,
  That peerest o'er the mountain's rounded rim,
  How comfortless thy countenance and dim,
Against the chilly sky of winter noon!
Last night I heard the heavens all a-tune
  With music such as Plato heard of old,
  What time his daring fancy strove to hold
Its secret, while the morning came too soon.
But now the music and the mirth are dumb,
  Thy starry guests are gone upon their way,
The board is bare, the morning light has come,
  And staring dreamily upon the day,
Alone and motionless I see thee stand,
The golden goblet fallen from thy hand.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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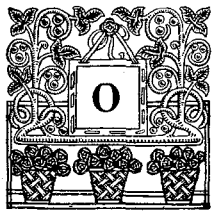
THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

III. Dante Gabriel and Christina G. Rossetti.



OF the four children in the Rossetti family, two brothers and two sisters, all have been more or less writers, and all have published books. Two only, Dante Gabriel and Christina G., have, however, produced poetry which may in any sense be called great, and as both were so fortunate as to have their juvenile verses printed by their grandfather at his private press, their first books are of more than usual interest to collectors.

In the memoir of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by his brother William Michael Rossetti, we are told that his earliest attempts at rhymed verse writing were in Italian, and the following lines are there printed:

"L'amabile Maria
Ringrazyata sia
De' due biglietti suoi
Mandati ad ambi noi."

His father has recorded that these were extemporaneous verses which he chanted when his brother and himself had each received a note from their absent sister Maria. He was at this time in his ninth year. He had previously written in blank verse, as the following quotation from the Memoir will indicate:

My brother's first "poem"—his almost solitary drama—was written in his own handwriting, toward the age of five. He may have been just six, rather than five, but I am not certain. It is entitled *The Slave,* and it lies before me at this moment. Why he wrote *The Slave,* or what he supposed himself to mean in writing it, is not clear to me. One can, however, form one safe inference—that his inspiration derived from seeing, passim in Shakespeare, the words "Slave, Traitor, Villain," and what not. *The Slave* consists of three scenes in two acts: it only fills nine small pages of large writing. The writing begins by imitating print, but goes on into an ordinary (very childish) cursive hand. Probably Dante Gabriel learned how to write cursively while the drama was in course of composition.

Other pieces, he goes on to state, are in this little book which contains *The Slave,* among them an original composition in prose with the title *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp, by Gabriel Rossetti, Painter of Play-Pictures,* this last referring to their childish employment of colouring prints of theatrical characters.

Sir Hugh the Heron, his first piece to attain the dignity of type, the title-page of which is here reproduced, was written, his brother states, early in 1841, though it was not printed until 1843. The following account of the production of the poem is in the author's own words, and was written probably in 1881:

I make this note after a conversation with a friend who had been reading in the British Museum a ridiculous first attempt of mine in verse, called *Sir Hugh the Heron,* which was printed when I was fourteen, but written (except the last page or two at twelve as my family would probably remember. When I was fourteen my grandfather (who amused himself by having a small private printing-press) offered, if I would finish it, to print it. I accordingly added the last precious touches two years after writing the rest. I leave this important explanation, as there is no knowing what fool may some day foist the absurd trash into print as a production of mine. It is curious and surprising to myself, as evincing absolutely no promise at all—less than should exist even at twelve. When I wrote it, the only English poet I had read was Sir W. Scott, as is plain enough in it.

The book is a small quarto, and consists of twenty-four pages, including the title-page, which has the following note on the verso:

N. B. The following tale is a versification, with considerable additions, variations and omissions, of a border romance, published under the same title, the production (I believe) of the late Allan Cunningham. The epoch is supposed to be during the wars of the Roses.

The poem is divided into four parts. The page has ample margin, and the thin pamphlet seems to have been issued in blank paper cover. William Michael Rossetti states that as late as 1875 he had a considerable remainder stock of the

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SIR HUGH THE HERON.

A LEGENDARY TALE,

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY GABRIEL ROSSETTI, JUNIOR.

SIR HUGH THE HERON BOLD,
BARON OF TWISELL AND OF FORD,
AND CAPTAIN OF THE HOLD.
Scott's Marmion, Canto 1.

LONDON: MDCCCXLIII.
G. POLIDORI'S Private Press,
15, Park Village East, Regent's Park.
(For Private Circulation only.)

pamphlets, but that about that date, at the author's particular request, he destroyed all but a very few copies. A copy in the original paper cover brought $70 in the Maxwell sale in 1895.

Christina G. Rossetti's first printed volume was also a product of her grandfather's private press. It contains the following explanatory introduction by him:

A FEW WORDS TO THE READER.

The authoress of these pages was born in 1830, and her first composition, that on her mother's birthday, was written in 1842. These verses have, therefore, been composed from the age of twelve to sixteen.

As her maternal grandfather, I may be excused for desiring to retain these early spontaneous efforts in a permanent form, and for having silenced the objections urged by her modest diffidence, and persuaded her to allow me to print them for my own gratification, at my own private press; and though I am ready to acknowledge that the well-known partial affection of a grandparent may perhaps lead me to overrate the merit of her youthful strains, I am still confident that the lovers of poetry will not wholly attribute my judgment to partiality. G. POLIDORI.

The "first composition," which he says was written in 1842, is printed in the volume, and is as follows:

TO MY MOTHER.
(With a Nosegay.)

To-day's your natal day;
Sweet flowers I bring;
Mother, accept, I pray,
My offering.

And may you happy live,
And long us bless;
Receiving, as you give,
Great happiness.

The volume is a sixteenmo, and consists of Title, leaf of Introduction and

VERSES

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

DEDICATED TO HER MOTHER.

Perchè temer degg' io? Son le mie voci
Inesperte, lo so: ma il primo omaggio
D' accettarne la MADRE
Perciò non sdegnerà; ch' anzi assai meglio
Quanto a lei grata io sono
L' umil dirà semplicità del dono.
METASTASIO.

PRIVATELY PRINTED
AT G. POLIDORI'S, NO. 15, PARK VILLAGE EAST,
REGENT'S PARK, LONDON. 1847.

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sixty-six pages of text. Of the forty-three poems in the volume, one is stated to have been composed in 1842, one in 1843, three in 1844, five in 1845, twenty in 1846 and twelve in 1847. One poem is undated.

We do not know how many copies of the little book were printed. A few (it is said only two) copies were printed on paper a little larger than the rest of the edition. After the book had been printed an error was discovered on page 55, and that leaf, pages 55 and 56, was reprinted. In the sheet as first printed the line:

And see in the clouds that, floating over it,

is corrected in the new leaf to:

And see the clouds that, floating over it.

The date of one poem which was omitted on page 56 is supplied on the reprinted leaf. The accompanying facsimile is made from one of the large-paper copies, now owned by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Luther S. Livingston.

A PROBLEM

There's a whimsey in my noddle, there's a maggot in my brain,
There's a doubt upon my spirit that I cannot quite explain.

'Tis a grave, important question over which I vacillate,
Does Enlightenment enlighten and does Culture cultivate?

We are of the Cognoscenti, and intuitively know
Just the shades of thoughtful fancy that an author ought to show.

But from our exalted level should we drop a poisoned hint
To the placid ones who wallow in the sordid slums of print?

Should the Unenlightened Readers be sardonically hissed
If they like a Duchess novel better than *The Egoist?*

Should we rare ones who inhabit the superior realms of thought,
Dictate to the Unenlightened what they oughtn't or they ought?

To the masses should our classes offer Ibsen when we find
Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli better please the massy mind?

Should we shudder to discover that they cannot get the pith
Of the tenebrastic subtleties of Mr. Meredith?

Should we rudely contradict them when they confidently say,
"Omar wrote the *Iliad*" and Holmes' first name was Mary J."?

Or shall we abandon flatly this whole altruistic fight,
With the philosophic dictum that "Whatever is, is right"?

Then, instead of wasting time instructing others how to think,
We can spend those precious moments with Hafiz or Maeterlinck.

Let us stop our futile task of pointing to the open door,
Let th' Enlightened cease enlightening and the Cultured cult no more.

Carolyn Wells.

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THE LAKE OF GAUBE

The sun is lord and god, sublime, serene,
And sovereign on the mountains: earth and air
Lie prone in passion, blind with bliss unseen
By force of sight and might of rapture, fair
As dreams that die and know not what they were.
The lawns, the gorges, and the peaks, are one
Glad glory, thrilled with sense of unison
In strong, compulsive silence of the sun.

Flowers dense and keen as midnight stars aflame
And living things of light like flames in flower
That glance and flash as though no hand might tame
Lightnings whose life outshone their stormlit hour
And played and laughed on earth, with all their power
Gone, and with all their joy of life made long
And harmless as the lightning life of song,
Shine sweet like stars when darkness feels them strong.

The deep mild purple flaked with moonbright gold
That makes the scales seem flowers of hardened light,
The flamelike tongue, the feet that noon leaves cold,
The kindly trust in man, when once the sight
Grew less than strange, and faith bade fear take flight,
Outlive the little, harmless life that shone
And gladdened eyes that loved it, and was gone
Ere love might fear that fear had looked thereon.

Fear held the bright thing hateful, even as fear,
Whose name is one with hate and horror, saith
That heaven, the dark deep heaven of water near,
Is deadly deep as hell and dark as death.
The rapturous plunge that quickens blood and breath
With pause more sweet than passion, ere they strive
To raise again the limbs that yet would dive
Deeper, should there have slain the soul alive.

As the bright salamander in fire of the noonshine exults and is glad of his day,
The spirit that quickens my body rejoices to pass from the sunlight away,
To pass from the glow of the mountainous flowerage, the high multitudinous bloom,

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Far down through the fathomless night of the water, the gladness of silence and
gloom.
Death-dark and delicious as death in the dream of a lover and dreamer may be,
It clasps and encompasses body and soul with delight to be living and free:
Free utterly now, though the freedom endure but the space of a perilous breath,
And living, though girdled about with the darkness and coldness and strangeness
of death:
Each limb and each pulse of the body rejoicing, each nerve of the spirit at rest,
All sense of the soul's life rapture, a passionate peace in its blindness blest.
So plunges the downward swimmer, embraced of the water unfathomed of man,
The darkness unplummeted, icier than seas in midwinter, for blessing or ban;
And swiftly and sweetly, when strength and breath fall short, and the dive is done,
Shoots up as a shaft from the dark depth shot, sped straight into sight of the sun;
And sheer through the snow-soft water, more dark than the roof of the pines above,
Strikes forth, and is glad as a bird whose flight is impelled and sustained of love.
As a sea-mew's love of the sea-wind breasted and ridden for rapture's sake
Is the love of his body and soul for the darkling delight of the soundless lake:
As the silent speed of a dream too living to live for a thought's space more
Is the flight of his limbs through the still strong chill of the darkness from shore to
shore.
Might life be as this is and death be as life that casts off time as a robe,
The likeness of infinite heaven were a symbol revealed of the lake of Gaube.

Whose thought has fathomed and measured
The darkness of life and of death,
The secret within them treasured,
The spirit that is not breath?
Whose vision has yet beholden
The splendour of death and of life?
Though sunset as dawn be golden,
Is the word of them peace, not strife?
Deep silence answers: the glory
We dream of may be but a dream,
And the sun of the soul wax hoary
As ashes that show not a gleam.
But well shall it be with us ever
Who drive through the darkness here,
If the soul that we live by never,
For aught that a lie saith, fear.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

A correspondent who writes a feminine hand and who in the procemium to her letter styles us with what may be either Orientalism or irony "The Effulgent Dispenser of Enlightenment to the Humble Masses," propounds some questions:

1. Would you mind giving a party and inviting Novel Notes to meet Chronicle and Comment, and help them to come to an agreement? I look up to THE BOOKMAN with all the awe of a pupil to his teacher, and when I have read a book I form an opinion of its merits with some trepidation until I find my judgment corroborated in the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN. When in the case of *David Harum* I read, on page 11 of the March number, that the book was "remarkable for its vigorous portrayal of an original and humorous character," and when, after further search, I find in the Novel Notes for January that it contains "coarse-fibred humour," is "long" and "aimless" and "awkward," what am I to do?

You are simply to assume, which is indeed the case, that the opinion of the editors is not necessarily identical with the opinion of the persons who write reviews for them. We don't insist that every one who contributes to the pages of THE BOOKMAN shall think as we do. This, of course, would seem highly revolutionary and anarchical to most editors, but not so to us. We may observe, however, that there is no necessary inconsistency in regarding David Harum himself as an original and humorous character, while at the same time holding that the book contains some humour which is coarse-fibred, aimless and awkward.

2. If "dress-suit" is not permissible to those who would fain be enlightened, what shall a person call his dress-suit-case when he wishes to distinguish it from other kinds of bags? "Evening-clothes-case" seems impossible.

The enlightened person speaks of it as a dressing-case.

3. Do you know of any tabulated or listed account of the modern adaptations of Greek and Latin mythology and legends?

No.

4. Are you both the editor of the Letter-Box and also Miss Carolyn Wells?

You do us too much honour.

II.

A Canadian critic very properly finds fault with a sentence in the September BOOKMAN which runs as follows:

"—whose work has only come to the front within the last year or two."

Of course the word "only" is here misplaced, and we regret it. In fact, we think that the proper placing of the word "only" in sentences is the most significant of all the little touches that are visible in the sphere of language. A person who never misplaces it is by that very fact shown to be high up in the ranks of the Enlightened.

III.

The following letter reached us some time ago:

I would be very much obliged to you if you would give me your opinion on the propriety of two words, (1) "enthuse" and (2) "companionable," and thereby settle a much-disputed question.

Yours,

J. H. D.

"Enthuse" is vulgar and detestable; "companionable" belongs to the vocabulary of the best English, and is found in standard writers from Lord Clarendon down to the present time.

IV.

From Clarion, Ohio, comes the following:

Referring to your criticism of Mr. Davis and his use of the verb "lay" (September number, page 9), what do you say concerning Lord

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Byron's use of the same word in *Childe Harold,* Canto IV., stanza 180, last line—

"thou . . .
. . . dashest him again to earth—there let him lay!"

This is one of several exceedingly bad breaks which Lord Byron made in the course of *Childe Harold,* and into which he was led partly by the exigencies of rhyme, and partly by the fact that his academic knowledge of English was rather imperfect.

V.

We have received from Vincennes, Indiana, a letter whose naïveté made us smile when we read it; but it is so obviously written in good faith and so deserving of respectful treatment that we shall simply answer it without any comment:

Would like to have your opinion through your spacious columns of next month's BOOKMAN which of the two books you consider the deepest and broadest book—Homer's *Iliad* or Milton's *Paradise Lost?*

We should say Homer's *Iliad.*

VI.

Here are two criticisms relating to the last number of THE BOOKMAN. They come from West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Kindly explain how THE BOOKMAN was induced to admit to its pages a poem containing such a rhyme as "dreamer" and "Bohemia." Also, why in the same poem, "kist" is used instead of "kissed." Is this "Fonetik Refawrm"? See October BOOKMAN, page 117.

Well, to tell the truth, we mulled over that rhyme a long while before we felt quite able to let it go into THE BOOKMAN; but the rest of the poem was pretty good, and so we strained a point. It is a very cockneyfied sort of rhyme, however, and we wish that it hadn't occurred at the end of the poem, because in that place it leaves rather a bad impression in the mind of the reader. As for "kist" instead of "kissed," that was a little frill on the part of the author of the poem, and we let her have her own way about it because of our illimitable good-nature. After all, it is a small thing to make a fuss about.

VII.

An impatient gentleman who lives on Locust Street, in Philadelphia, wrote us a month ago, taking exception to the construction contained in part of a sentence from the September BOOKMAN, running as follows: "There is very little doubt *but that* the life," etc. Because we did not answer his letter last month he has written again in a very urgent manner. All we have to say is this: "but that" as used above is not very easy to explain syntactically, but perhaps it may be allowed to pass as a colloquial idiom. We are very meek, however, as we write these words, and we hurry on with heightened colour to the next letter.

VIII.

Some one up in Roxbury, Massachusetts, writes us the following letter in a sort of copper-plate hand:

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

As you answer all sorts of questions, and as I value your opinions on various subjects, as expressed in your answers in THE BOOKMAN'S "Letter-Box," I venture to ask you what you think of the dressing of women in men's adornments—viz., cassocks and cottas, or surplices—to sing in Episcopal Church choirs?

Now, we are not going to get ourselves into trouble by answering any such questions as this.

IX.

An unknown friend in St. Louis has sent us a clipping from a newspaper published in that city. It is nearly a column in length, and is full of personal abuse, directed at us for such of our opinions as have met with the editor's disapproval. The unknown friend, in sending us the diatribe, asks whether we should like to answer it. To this we say that we have not been able to discover in it anything that demands an answer. If a gentleman thinks that your opinions are all wrong, and tells you so, and courteously points out his reasons for differing from you, then you can argue with him and answer him and get some satisfaction out of the discussion. But if, as you are walking along the street, some hoarse-voiced hoodlum sticks his head out from behind a garbage barrel at the head of a back-alley and yawps at you, what is there in this to require an answer? You simply go on your way unmindful of the hoodlum and of his yawping. And that is precisely what we are doing now.

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LITERARY PARIS

A GREAT many men of letters will miss Madame Aubernon de Nerville, who has just disappeared. She was seventy-two years old, and yet became a power in Parisian society only twenty or twenty-five years ago. Hers was the best and most brilliant literary salon of the Third Republic. But she survived most of the brilliant men who frequented it. The king among her guests, when present, was Ernest Renan —"Mon Renan," as she familiarly called him. For a great many it was "l'antichambre de l'Académie." Édouard Pailleron was less respectful, and dubbed it "le monde où l'on s'ennuie." Gossip has it that Madame Aubernon unwittingly sat as the Madame de Céran of Pailleron's celebrated play. Perhaps the dramatist, who was known also as an epicure, wanted to get revenge on the lady for the bad cooking he had had to put up with at her table. On one point Madame Aubernon was peculiarly sensitive. She wanted her guests to be attracted to her salon solely by the literary treats, by the brilliant or profound conversation that was to be found there if anywhere in Paris, and she did not want it to be said that her *chef* had anything to do with the popularity of her receptions. So her dinners were proverbially bad. This is one of the rare points on which she departed from the practice of the eighteenth-century woman whom she certainly had chosen as her model, the illustrious Madame Geoffrin, whose salon was frequented by Diderot, d'Alembert, the Abbé Galiani, and others.

We may certainly expect to have before long a book on Madame Aubernon's salon. Among the men who could write it is Paul Deschanel, if he were not now all taken up by politics, or René Doumic, who had the sincerest admiration for the hostess's many beautiful qualities.

I take the liberty here of warning the readers of THE BOOKMAN against speaking of that lady as Madame de Nerville. She was Mademoiselle de Nerville before she married M. Aubernon, and she added her maiden to her married name when she separated from her husband. Yet in Paris society she was always mentioned simply as Madame Aubernon.

By a curious coincidence Madame Aubernon's death took place almost exactly at the same time as Madame Edmond Adam's retirement from the editorship of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Madame Adam also aimed at having a great salon, and for a time had it. But hers was almost entirely political. Willingly she would have had Gambetta hold in it the position which was held by Renan in Madame Aubernon's. But while most of Gambetta's friends were assiduous frequenters of the salon of the Boulevard Poissonnière, the great statesman himself appeared there but rarely. Still there was a time when Madame Adam was almost a political power in Europe. She acted both through her salon and through the *Nouvelle Revue,* which she established about twenty years ago as a competitor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Whether the *Nouvelle Revue* was ever a pecuniary success can hardly be stated; but there is no doubt as to the stir created by some of the articles it published. I might mention in support of this a famous series of papers on Berlin society, which appeared a number of years ago, when the present German Emperor was only the Crown Prince's son, and which were ascribed, rightly or wrongly, to a rising French diplomat who had occupied the position of French reader to the Empress Augusta. Madame Adam was then, though no longer young, a very fascinating woman. Her early books, novels published under the *pseudonyme* of Juliette Lamber, had given her quite a position in literary circles. Her marriage with her second husband, Edmond Adam, who was one of the most respected leaders in the Republican party, had introduced her into political circles, and placed in her hands an independent fortune, which she was far from possessing when she was Madame Lamessine; and all her advantages she used with a great deal of push, and a certain degree of skill. She is past threescore and ten, and retires now before her name has become a mere souvenir to a new generation of politicians. Will the *Nouvelle Revue* long survive its founder's departure? The question may be asked.

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Two other competitors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have come forward since 1879, the *Revue de Paris* and the monthly *Grande Revue,* the editor of which is Fernand Labori, the now celebrated lawyer. It may perhaps be discovered that the *Nouvelle Revue* has fulfilled its mission, and that it may now safely disappear.

The lull in the literary activity of France to which I called attention in my last article, and which I ascribed, to a certain extent, to the Dreyfus case, has not entirely come to an end. But it is to be noticed that the *affaire* itself is now becoming a literary theme, a sign, perhaps, that it is in the transition stage between present and past. M. J. Cornély, of the *Figaro,* republishes in book form a number of his articles. The title of his book is *Notes sur l'Affaire Dreyfus.* Everybody knows that M. Cornély, though a Royalist, was in the press one of the staunchest defenders of the ex-captain. From the other side we have an amusing, though very bitter, little book by the irrepressible *Gyp—Les Femmes du Colonel.* The names of the principal actors in the great drama are hardly disguised. Picquard becomes Flamand; Dreyfus, Judasfruss, etc.

A novel by Maurice Barrès, which is just about to appear as a serial in the *Revue Hebdomadaire, L'Appel au Soldat,* belongs very probably also to the class of works related to the *affaire.*

Dead men are represented by no less than three books in the productions of the last few weeks. One is a series of unpublished letters of Joseph de Maistre, about whom I wrote last month. It is edited by M. François Descostes. The other two are destined to make it easy for the general public to become acquainted with two men who wrote a great deal, whose writings were very highly appreciated by a rather narrow circle and hardly known outside of it, Ferdinand Fabre and Édouard Hervé. Of the former we have a volume of *Oeuvres Choisies,* edited by Maurice Pellisson; of the latter a collection of his most brilliant political leaders under the well-chosen title of *Trente Ans de Politique.*

Either of them will be easy reading compared with *Les Transformations du Pouvoir,* by Gabriel Tarde. It is a book of very abstruse sociological speculation. There is plenty of meat in it, though, for those whose jaws are strong enough for the mastication thereof, as there always is in everything that M. Tarde writes.

More difficult, perhaps, to understand are some passages in the new volume of verse of Count Robert de Montesquiou, *Les Perles Rouges.* It consists of ninety-three sonnets. Wealth of imagery, richness of rhyme, these sonnets undoubtedly have, but does M. de Montesquiou always know what he means, and does he always mean anything?

Two other poets, whose verse was as clear as any prose, but also often as prosaic, are interestingly studied in M. Jules Garsou's book, *Les Fondateurs de la Légende Napoléonienne.* They are Barthélemy and Méry, the joint authors of *Napoléon en Egypte* and *Le Fils de l'Homme,* which largely contributed to spread Napoleonic worship some sixty years ago, though they undoubtedly did not create that peculiar form of idolatry.

Augustin Filon, who was private tutor to the late Prince Impérial, publishes an interesting novel of a semi-political character, *Sous la Tyrannie.* As the tyrant is Napoleon III., I need hardly say that the title has an ironical meaning.

Another sovereign with an unsavoury reputation appears in another book, an historical study by Comte de Fleury. The title of his book is *Louis XV. Intime.* It is not a Sunday-school book, I need hardly say.

A number of interesting publications are soon to appear. One is a study of François Ponsard, whose success, about sixty years ago, with his tragedy of *Lucrèce* was the first sign of the passing away of the Romantic drama. The author of the book is the namesake and son of François Ponsard, the title, *La Vie et les Oeuvres de François Ponsard.*

A more important publication will be the great historical work of Professor Lavisse on Louis XIV. It is a part of the great co-operative history of France which Hachette and Company have been preparing for the Exhibition of 1900, and which I have mentioned here before. Professor Lavisse announces that as soon as the book is out he will feel at liberty to resume his lectures at the Sorbonne.

And, finally, as I send this to the printer here, the first copies of Zola's *Fécondité* must be coming from the press in Paris.

Adolphe Cohn.

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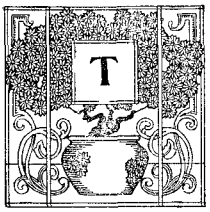
LITERARY LONDON



HE announcements of new books for the winter seem to be as copious as ever, but there is a lack of really distinguished books. The letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, edited in two volumes by Mr. Sidney Colvin, are announced by the Messrs. Methuen. They will be very welcome. The instalments issued in *Scribner's Magazine* have greatly whetted the public appetite. But it seems disappointing that the biography is not ready. I fancy the materials are so abundant that there is room for both books, and yet it would have been better that the biography should have appeared first. The Vailima letters contained too much about Samoan politics to be quite interesting, and they represented a somewhat morbid side of Mr. Stevenson's mind. It is much to be hoped that in forthcoming publications that element will be suppressed as much as possible. The political squabbles of Samoa could not be made interesting or important even by Stevenson. Another very attractive book with an equally attractive title is Mr. Watts-Dunton's *The Old Familiar Faces,* which is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It will contain Mr. Watts-Dunton's personal reminiscences of the eminent men with whom he has been so closely associated. Mr. Watts-Dunton, however, is so engrossed with his next novel that the book cannot be expected for some months at least. For the new story he has a peculiarly interesting and original motive, and it promises to secure as great a success as *Aylwin.* One of the most enterprising of our publishers, Mr. Heinemann, announces quite a large number of books upon literary history. The most notable of these is a translation in six volumes of Dr. Brandes's *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature.* Mr. Heinemann also announces many additions to his Literature of the World Series. *The Story of American Literature* will be written by Professor W. P. Trent, and Dr. A. W. Verrall, who used to be known as a brilliant *Saturday Review-er,* will undertake Latin literature. It is a good sign that such books should be popular, and it increases one's astonishment at the fact that there is so very little good or trustworthy matter in the shape of English literary history. The defect will be to some extent supplied by the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia of English Literature* which is now in progress. A large number of able contributors have been engaged, and the work promises to be thoroughly up to date. There is rather a dearth of attractive biographies. The Messrs. Macmillan, however, will publish immediately the *Life of Archbishop Benson,* by his son, Mr. A. C. Benson, one of the masters of Eton College. Mr. A. C. Benson is a very competent literary workman both in prose and verse, and the book is sure to be worthy of the subject. Another announcement of the Messrs. Macmillan is the *Catholic Life of Cardinal Newman.* For some reason not yet explained, Cardinal Newman's letters as a Catholic have never been published. His letters as an Anglican were issued under the editorship of the late Miss Anne Mozley, well known as a contributor to the *Saturday Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine.* I do not know if Mr. Purcell had access to the remaining manuscripts.

While a host of new novels are announced there is none that stands clearly out above the rest. Mr. Heinemann vaguely announces new stories by Hall Caine, Mrs. Steel, Sarah Grand and Mr. Zangwill, but I understand in each case the time of publication is somewhat distant. It is probable that Mrs. Grand's story will appear in serial form. If so, it is the first that she has published in this manner. Many of our most popular novelists are waiting. Mr. Barrie has completed *Tommy and Grisel,* but it will run through *Scribner* before being published in book form by the Messrs. Cassell. Ian Maclaren does not propose to publish any new book this year, but he is going on with his stories of school life. Mr. Hardy has a new novel in preparation, but there is as yet much mystery about his plans. Of couse we are all waiting eagerly to see whether from the unknown names in the publishers' lists a new writer may step forward. He never had a better opportunity.

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Mr. Crockett is as busy as ever. He has engaged himself for five serial stories, and his speed in production is unabated. He maintains wonderfully his hold over his public, his books being still among the best selling. Sir Walter Besant's new novel, *The Orange Girl,* has secured a warm welcome, and has sold better than any of his publications during the last few years. It is suggested that he should write a series of stories dealing similarly with chapters in the history of London, a work for which no man is better fitted.

There has been, as hinted in a previous letter, considerable uneasiness as to certain firms of London publishers. The business of Messrs. A. D. Innes and Company, Limited, has been advertised, and the period for sending in tenders has been extended. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for the continuance of the business of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, a business which it should be said has always been financially sound, and has now better prospects than ever under the able and energetic management of Mr. Blackett. This firm, which published *Aylwin,* will also publish Mr. Watts-Dunton's new novel. It is to be feared that Mr. James Bowden, who in a short time established a business with excellent prospects, will have to abandon it through his undertaking the important position of manager to the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Bowden is a man of extraordinary energy. He has conducted with great success during recent months the business of Routledge, and those concerned are most desirous that he continue his labours there. The two brothers Routledge, who were well known in literary circles, have both died unexpectedly within a few months of each other.

The business of selling books through newspapers is greatly extending. Some of the experiments have been comparative failures. It is pretty clear that the public will buy dictionaries at least and other valuable works of reference, but that they do not care for amusing literature. Such staid and respectable journals as the *Standard* and the *Guardian* have followed the *Times* in going into the business. The *Standard* is publishing an *Anthology of English Literature* in twenty volumes, and the *Guardian* is taking up an edition of Tissot's *Life of Christ.* The *Times* is to sell a reissue of *Punch.* The expenditure of so much money in this way must affect injuriously the bookselling trade, and I understand that booksellers as a whole give no encouragement to such plans, and decline to co-operate in them. It seems very unfortunate that books are not distributed as they should be through booksellers. The difficulty is that the great discount booksellers will not join trades-unions or work with them. Until that is done I am afraid that the prospect of reform is very doubtful indeed. In religious literature the most notable book announced is a final volume of religious essays by Professor Drummond, carefully selected from a large number of manuscripts.

In journalism things are quiet. There is nothing like the usual number of new publications, and the most enterprising firms are holding their hands. Some of the unfortunate ventures have been far from successful, and several papers have quietly expired, leaving their proprietors very much the poorer. Curiously enough, two of the best advertised additions to our journalism come from Dundee. Sir John Leng, of the Dundee *Advertiser,* and the proprietors of the Dundee *Courier* are each to commence popular penny weeklies somewhat in the manner of *Answers* and *Tit-Bits.* One will be called the *Gem* and the other the *Red Letter.* In the *Gem* Sir John Leng has been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leighton. Both have had much journalistic experience, and Mrs. Leighton's serial stories in *Answers* have been perhaps the most popular ever published in that paper. Whether it is possible to establish successful rivals to those already in the field I do not know, but if it is possible the experienced and sagacious Dundee journalists are the men to do it. The publication of Mr. Shorter's new paper has been deferred for a little owing to the inevitable delay in getting perfectly satisfactory machines. In the provision of the machinery Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswode are sparing no pains and no expense, and they fully hope to turn out a more handsomely produced journal than has ever before been put into the hands of the English public.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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*JANICE MEREDITH**

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XXXIII.

A CHOICE OF EVIL.

The first check to Janice's full enjoyment of the novel and delightful world into which she had plunged so eagerly came early in March.

"I have ill news for ye, my child," Mr. Meredith apprised her, as he entered the room where she was sitting. "I just parted from Mr. Loring, the Commissary of Prisoners, and he asked if Philemon Hennion were not a friend of ours, and then told me that the deputy-commissary at Morristown writ him last week that the lad had died of the putrid fever."

"I am very sorry," the girl said, with a genuine regret in her voice. "He—I wish—I can't but feel that 'tis something for which I am to blame."

"Nay, don't lay reproach on yourself, Jan," advised the father, little recking of what was in his daughter's mind. "If we go to blaming ourselves for the results of well-considered conduct there is no end to sorrow. But I fear me his death will bring us a fresh difficulty. We'll say nothing of the news to Lord Clowes, and trust that he hear not of it; for once known, he'll probably begin teasing us to let him wed ye."

"Dadda!" cried Janice, "you never would—would give him encouragement? Oh, no, you—you love me too much."

"Ye know I love ye, Jan, and that whatever I do I try to do my best for ye. But—"

"Then don't give him any hope. Oh, dadda, if you knew how I—"

"He's not the man I'd pick for ye, Jan, that I grant. Clowes is—"

"He beguiled me shamefully—and he broke his parole—and he takes mean advantage whene'er he can—and he crawls half the time and bullies the rest—and when he's polite he makes me shudder or grow cold—and when he's—"

"Now, don't fly into a flounce or a ferment till ye've listened to what I have to say, child. 'Tis—"

"Oh, dadda, no! Don't—"

"Hark to me, Janice, and then ye shall have all the speech ye wish. By this time, lass, thou'rt old enough to know that life is not made up of doing what one wishes, but doing what one can or must. The future for us is far blacker than I have chosen to paint to ye. Many of the British officers themselves now concede that America cannot be conquered, and the outlook is made the more hopeless by the probability that France will come to the assistance of the rebels. The Pennsylvania Assembly has before it an act of attainder and forfeiture which will drive from the colony all those who have held by the king, and take from them their lands; and as soon as the Jersey Assembly meets it will no doubt do the same, and vote us into exile and poverty. Even if my having taken no active part should save me from this fate, the future is scarce bettered, for 'twill take years for the country to recover from this war, and rents will remain unpaid. Nor is this the depth of our difficulties. Already I am a debtor to the tune of nigh four hundred pounds to Lord Clowes—"

"Dadda, no!" cried the girl. "Don't say it!"

"Ay. Where did ye suppose the money came from on which I lived in New York and all of us here? Didst think thy gown came from heaven?"

"I'd have died sooner than owe it to him," moaned Janice. "How could you let me go to the expense?"

"'Twas not to be avoided, Jan. As Sir William's wish was that we should lend our countenance to the festivities, 'twould not have done to displeasure him, and since I was to be debtor to Lord Clowes, another fifty pounds was not worth balking at. More still I'll have to ask from him, I fear, ere we are safe out of this wretched coil."

"Oh, prithee, dadda," implored the girl, "do not take another shilling. I'll work my fingers

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to the bone—do anything—rather than be indebted to him!"

"'Tis not to be helped, child. Think ye work is to be obtained at such a time, with hundreds in the city out of employment and at the point of starvation? Thank thy stars rather that we have a friend who not merely gives us a shelter and food, but advances us cash enough to make us easy. Dost think I have not tried for employment myself? I've been to merchant after merchant to beg even smouting work, and done the same to the quartermaster's and commissary's departments, but nothing wage-earning is to be had."

"'Tis horrible!" despairingly wailed Janice.

"That it might be blacker can at least be said, and that is why I wish thee not to let thy feelings set too strongly against Lord Clowes. Here's a peer of England, Jan, with wealth as well, eager to wed thee. He is not what I would have him, but it would be a load off my mind and off thy mother's to feel that thy future at least is made safe and—"

"I'd die sooner than live such a future," cried the girl. "I could not live with him!"

"Yet ye ran off with this man."

"But then I did not know him as I know him now. You won't force me, will you, dadda?"

"That I'll not; but act not impulsively, lass. Talk with thy mother, and view it from all sides. And meantime, we'll hope he'll not hear of the poor lad's death."

Left alone by her father to digest this advice, Janice lapsed into a despondent attitude, while remarking: "'Tis horrible, and never could I bring myself to it. Starvation would be easier." She sat a little time pondering; then, getting her cloak, calash, and pattens, she set forth, the look of thought displaced by one of determination. A hurried walk of a few squares brought her to a house before which a sentry paced, and there she stopped.

"Is Sir William within?" she asked of the uniformed servant who answered her knock, and when told that he was, added: "Wilt say that Miss Meredith begs speech with him?"

The servant showed her into the parlour, then passed into the room back of it, and Janice heard the murmur of his words as he delivered her message.

"Miss Meredith," cried a woman's voice. "What does that hussy want with you, Sir William?"

The bass of a masculine reply came to the visitor's ears, though pitched too low for her to distinguish words.

"I know better than to take any man's oath concerning that," retorted the feminine speaker, and, on the last word, the door was flung wider open, and a woman of full figure and of very pronounced beauty burst into the room where the girl sat, closely followed, if not in fact pursued, by the British commander-in-chief. "What do you want with Sir William?" she demanded.

Janice had risen, half in fright and half in courtesy, but the cry she uttered, even as the inquiry was put, was significant of something more than either.

"Well," went on the questioner, "art struck with a syncope that you do nothing but gape and stare at me?"

"I beg your pardon," faltered the girl. "I recognised—that is—I mean, 'twas thy painting that—"

"Malapert!" shrieked the woman. "How dare you say I paint! Dost have the vanity to think thou'rt the only one with a red and white skin?"

"Oh, indeed, madam," gasped Janice, "I alluded not to thy painting and powdering, but to the miniature that—"

"Sir William," screamed the dame, too furious even to heed the attempted explanation, "how can you stand there and hear me so insulted?"

"Then in Heaven's name get back to the room from which you should ne'er have come," muttered Howe, crossly.

"And leave you to the tête-à-tête you wish with this bold minx."

"Ay, leave me to learn why Miss Meredith honours me with this visit."

"You need not my absence, if that is all you wish to know. 'Twould be highly wrong to leave a miss, however artful, unmatronised. Here I stay till I see cause to change my mind."

Sir William said something below his breath with a manner suggestive of an oath, shrugged his shoulders, and turned to Janice. "Old friends are not to be controlled, Miss Meredith," he said, "and since we are to have a third for our interview, let me make you known to each other. Mrs. Loring, Miss Meredith."

"I pray you, madam, to believe," entreated Janice, even as she made her courtesy, "that you entirely misinterpreted—"

"I care not what you meant," broke in Mrs. Loring, without the pretence of returning the obeisance. "Say thy say to Sir William, and be gone."

"Damn you, Jane!" swore the general, bursting into a rage. "If you cannot behave yourself I will call in the servants and have

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you put from the room. Please be seated, Miss Meredith, and tell me in what manner I can serve you."

"I came, Sir William, to beg that you would give my father some position by which he could earn a living. We are totally without money, and getting daily deeper in debt."

"Your wish is a command," replied Sir William, gallantly, "but are you sure 'tis best? Remember that the moment your father takes position from me he commits himself far more in the cause than he has hitherto, and the rebels are making it plain they intend to punish with the utmost severity all who take sides with us."

"But even that is better than—than—than running in debt," exclaimed Janice. "I assure you that anything is better—"

"Enough!" declared the general, as the girl hesitated. "Your father shall be gazetted one of the wardens of abandoned property at once. 'Twill give him a salary and fees as well."

"Ah, Sir William, how can I ever thank you enough?" murmured the girl, feeling, indeed, as if an end had come to her troubles. She made a deep courtesy to Mrs. Loring, a second to the general, and then took the hand he offered her to the front door. "I beg, Sir William," she said at parting, "that you will assure Mrs. Loring that I really did not—"

The general interrupted her with a laugh. "A man with an evil smell takes offence at every wrinkled nose," he asserted, "and you hit upon a subject on which my friend has perhaps cause to be sensitive."

Janice ran rather than walked the whole way home, and, not stopping when she reached the house to tell her father of her successful mission, or even to remove her cloak and calash, she tripped upstairs to her room, went straight to her bureau, and, pulling open the bottom drawer, took from it the miniature, and scrutinised it closely for a moment. "'Tis she beyond question!" the girl ejaculated. "And I always thought of her as a young female, never suspecting it might have been some time painted. Why, she is a good ten years older than Colonel Brereton, or at least eight, let alone that she paints and powders! If that is the ill-mannered creature he gave his love to I have little pity for him."

This decided, the maiden sought out her father and informed him of her mission and its successful result.

"Why, Jan," exclaimed her father, "thou'rt indeed a wonderful lass to have schemed and carried it through. I'd have spoke to Sir William myself, but he keeps himself so secluded that never a chance have I had to speak to him save in public. It is for the best, however, for I doubt not he paid more heed to thy young lips than ever he would to mine. Had ye told me, however, I would have gone with ye, for it must have been a tax on thy courage to have ventured alone."

"I didn't even let myself think of it," replied the daughter, "and, indeed, 'twas so much easier than the thought of your further increasing your debt to Lord Clowes that 'twas nothing." Then, after a slight pause, she asked: "Dadda, who is the Mrs. Loring I found at Sir William's?"

"Humph!" grunted the squire, with obvious annoyance. "'Tis the wife of Joshua Loring, commissary of prisoners."

"Has she been long married to him?" asked Janice.

"That I know not; and the less you concern yourself, Jan, with her the better."

Despite this recommendation, Janice once again repeated her question, this time making it to André at the Assembly that evening.

"I know not," the captain told her, pursing up his lips and raising his eyebrows. Then he called to his opposite in the quadrille: "Cathcart, can you tell me how long Mrs. Loring has rejoiced in that title of honour?"

The earl laughed as if André had said something witty, and made reply: "Since ever I can remember, and that is a full five years."

When later the dancers adjourned to the supper-room, Lord Cathcart tossed a billet across the table to André, and he in turn passed it to Mobray, who was squiring Janice. The baronet held it so that she could see the message as well, and inscribed on the paper were the lines:

"Your question don't think me a moment ignoring:
'How long has she *honoured* the surname of Loring?'
Wiseacre, first tell, how a man without *honour*
Could ever confer that fair jewel upon her?"

Sir Frederick, before handing it back, took Janice's pencil from her dancing card, and scribbled on the back of the quip:

"The answer is plain, for by means of her face,
The lady secured him an *honourable* place.
In return for the favour, by clergy and vow,
She made sure of her *honour,* but who knows when or Howe?"

And from that interchange of epigrams Janice asked no further questions relative to Mrs. Loring, unless it might be of herself.

The gazetting of Mr. Meredith served only to bring matters to a head, and on the very

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evening his appointment was announced in the "Pennsylvania Ledger" the commissary recurred to his proposal.

"I heard by chance to-day that young Hennion had fallen a victim to the camp fever," he told the squire, "and only held my tongue before the ladies through not wishing to be the reporter of bad tidings—though, as I understood it, neither Mrs. Meredith nor Miss Janice really wished the match."

The father took time over a swallow of Madeira, then said: "'Tis a grievous end for the good lad."

"Ay, though I am not hypocrite enough to pretend that it affects me save for its freeing of thy daughter, and so removing the one objection ye made to my taking her to wife."

Once more the squire gained a moment's breathing space over his wine before he replied: "Ye know, Clowes, that I'd willingly give ye the girl, but I find that she will have none of it, and 'tis a matter on which I choose not to force her inclination."

"Well said; and I am the last man to wish an unwilling spouse," responded the aspirant. "But ye know women's ways enough not to be their dupes. In truth, having no stability of mind, the sex resemble a ship without a rudder, veering with every shift of the wind, and never sailing two days alike. But put a man at the helm, and they steer as straight a course as could be wished. Janice was hot to wed me once, and though she took affront later because she held me responsible for her punishment, yet she herself owned, but a few weeks ago, that she was still bound to me, which shows how little her moods mean. Having your consent secured, it will take me but a brief wooing to gain hers, that ye shall see."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Meredith, "she's now old enough to know her own mind, and if ye can win her assent to your suit, mine shall not be lacking. But 'tis for ye to do that."

"Spoken like a true friend, and there's my hand on it," declared the commissary. "But there is one matter in which I wish ye to put an interfering finger, not so much to aid me as to save the maid from hazard. That fopling Mobray is buzzing about her and pilfering all the sweets that can be had short of matrimony—"

"Nay, Clowes, he's no intriguer against my lass, that I am bound to say. 'Twas only this morning—the moment he had news of Hennion's death—he came to me like a man, to ask permission to address her."

"Ho, he's deeper bitten by her charms than I thought!" retorted the suitor. "Or, on second thought, more like 'tis a last desperate leap to save himself from ruin. Let me warn ye that he has enough paper out to beggar him thrice over, and 'tis only a question of time ere his creditors come down on him and force him to sell his commission; after which he must sink into beggary."

"I sorrow to hear it. He's a likely lad, and has kindly stood us in stead more than once."

"And just because of his taking parts, he is likely to keep thy girl's heart in a state of incertitude, for 'tis only mortal for nineteen to fancy twenty-one more than forty-four. Therefore, unless ye want a gambling bankrupt for a son-in-law, give him his marching orders."

"I'll not do that after his kindness to my wife and child; but I'll take good care to warn Janice."

"Look that ye don't only make him the more interesting to her. Girls of her age think little of where the next meal is to come from, and dote on the young prodigal."

"Have no fear on that score," replied the father.

On the morning following this conversation Janice was stopped by the commissary as she was passing the room on the ground floor that he had turned into a half-office. "Will ye give me the honour of your presence within for a moment?" he requested. "I have something of import to say to ye."

With a little trepidation the girl entered and took the seat he placed for her.

Taking a standing position at a respectful distance, Lord Clowes without circumlocution plunged at once into the object of the interview. "That I have long wished ye for my wife, Miss Meredith," he said, with frank bluntness, "is scarce worth repeating. That in one or two instances I have given ye cause to blame or doubt me I am full conscious; 'tis not in man, I fear, to love such beauty, grace and elegance, and keep his blood ever within bounds. 'Twas this led me to suggest our elopement, and to my effort to bind ye to the troth. In both of these I erred, and now crave a pardon. Ye can scarce hold me guilty, that my love made me hot for the quickest marriage I could compass, or that, believing ye in honour pledged to me, I should seek to assure myself of the plight from your own lips, ungenerous though it was at the moment. It has since been my endeavour to show that I regretted my impulsive persecution, and I trust that my long forbearance and self-effacement have proved to ye that your comfort and happiness are the first object of my heart."

"You have been very good to us all," answered Janice, "and I would that I were able

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to repay in full measure all we owe to you. But—"

"You can, and by one word," interjected the suitor.

"But, Lord Clowes," she continued, with a voice that trembled a little, "I cannot yield to thy wish. Censurable I know myself to be—and no one can upbraid me more than I upbraid myself—yet betweeen the two wrongs I must choose, and 'tis better for both of us that I break the implied promise, entered into at a moment when I was scarce myself, than to make a new one which I know to be false from the beginning, and impossible to fulfil.

"Of the old promise we will say naught, Miss Meredith," replied the baron. "Hard though it is to resign, I free ye from it. But there is still a future that ye must not overlook. 'Twill be years, if ever, ere ye once again enjoy your property, and though this appointment—which is like to prove dear-bought—for the moment enables ye to face the world, it is but a short-lived dependence. To you I will confide what is as yet known to but a half-dozen: His Majesty has accepted Sir William's resignation, and he leaves us so soon as Sir Henry Clinton arrives. The new commander will have his own set of hungry hangers-on to provide with places, and your father's days will be numbered. In my own help I shall be as unstinting as in the past, but it is quite on the cards that I, too, lose my appointment, in which case I shall return to England. Would not a marriage with me make—"

"But I love you not," broke in Janice.

"You have fallen in love with that—"

"I love no one, Lord Clowes; and, indeed, begin to fear that I was born without a heart."

"Then thy objection is that of a very young girl who knows nothing of the world. Miss Meredith, the women who marry for love are rare indeed, and but few of them fail of a bitter disappointment. I cannot hope that my arguments will convince ye of this, but counsel with your parents, and you'll find they bear me out. On the one side stands penury and perhaps violence for ye all; on the other, marriage with a man who, whatever his faults, loves ye hotly, who will give ye a title and wealth, and who will see to it that your parents want for nothing. 'Tis an alternative that few women would hesitate over, but I ask no answer now, and would rather that ye give none till ye have taken consideration upon it."

Janice rose. "I—I will talk with dadda and mommy," she said, "and learn their wishes." But even as she spoke the words a slight shiver unsteadied her voice.

XXXIV.

A CARTEL OF EXCHANGE.

After Janice left him the commissary-general mounted a horse, and, riding to the Franklin house, asked for Captain Mobray.

"I have called, sir," he announced, as the baronet entered the room, "on two matters—"

"Have they to do with the service, my lord?" interrupted Mobray; "for otherwise I must decline—"

"First," the caller went on, unheedingly, "a number of past-due bills of yours have come into my possession in exchange for special victuals or stores, and I wish to learn your intention concerning them."

"I—in truth—I—" haltingly began Sir Frederick, his face losing colour as he spoke. "I have had the devil's turn of luck of late, and—and I am not in a position to take them up at the moment. I trust that you'll give me time, and not press me too harshly."

With a smile that expressed irony, qualified by enjoyment, the creditor replied: "'Tis a pleasure to aid a man to whom I am indebted for so much courtesy."

Sir Frederick's ashen hue changed to a ruddy one, as he said: "Lord Clowes, 'tis a bitter mouthful for a man to eat, but I ask your clemency till my luck changes, for change it must, since cards and dice cannot always run against one. I know I deserve it not at your hands, after what has passed—"

"Cease thy stuttering, man," ordered the commissary. "Had I revenge in my heart I'd have sent the bailiff, not come myself. The bills shall wait your convenience, and all I ask for the lenience is that ye dine with me and do me one service. Ye did me a bad stroke with Miss Meredith; now I ask ye to offset it by telling her what my vengeance has been."

Mobray hesitated. "Lord Clowes, I will do nothing to trick Miss Meredith, desperately placed as I am."

"Chut! Who talks of trickery? Ye told her the facts of my parole, therefore ye owe it to me, even though it may not serve your own suit, to tell her as well what is in my favour."

"And so help you to win her. I cannot do her that wrong, my lord."

"Is it worse to tell her only the truth about me than to seek to persuade her into a marriage with a bankrupt?"

"You state it unsparingly."

"Not more so, I doubt not, than ye did the matter of my parole—which some day I shall be able to justify, and the gentlemen of the army will then sing a very altered tune—with

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this difference, that I say it to your face and ye did not."

With bowed head Sir Frederick answered: "You are right, my lord, and I will say what I can in your favour to Miss Meredith."

"Spoke like an honest man. Fare ye well till next Wednesday, when I shall look for ye to a three-o'clock dinner."

Whatever pain and shame the words cost him, honourably the baronet fulfilled his promise by going to the commissary's quarters the following day and telling Janice the facts. The girl listened to his explanation with a face grave almost to sadness. "I—what you have told me, Sir Frederick," she said gently at the end, "is of much importance to me just at this time, and I thank you."

"I know, I know," groaned the young officer miserably, "and 'tis only part of my horrible run of luck that I should—that—ah—take him, Miss Meredith, and end my torture."

"Can you advise me to marry Lord Clowes?"

"After his generosity to me, in honour I must say nothing against him, but 'tis asking too much of human nature for me to aid his suit."

"I—oh, I know not what to do!" despairingly wailed the girl. "Mommy says 'tis for me to decide, and dadda thinks I cannot do better, and to the ear it seems indeed the only thing to do. Yet I shudder every time I think of it, and twice, when I have dreamed that I was his wife, I have waked the whole house with my screams to be saved from him."

"Miss Meredith," burst out the baronet, "give me the right to save you. You know I love you to desperation; that I would live to make you—"

"Ah, pray, Sir Frederick," begged Janice, "do not add to my pain and difficulty. What you wish—"

"I crave a pardon for my words. 'Twas a moment's selfish forgetfulness of you, and of my own position, that shall not occur again." Mobray stooped and kissed a loose end of the handkerchief the girl held, and hurried from the room.

As he was catching up his cloak and sabre in the hallway the door of the office opened. "Come in here a moment, Sir Frederick," requested the commissary.

"I have done as I promised, and that is all I can do at the moment," almost sobbed the young fellow. "Nor will I dine here Wednesday, though you do your worst."

"Tush! Do as ye please as to that, but come in here now, for I have a thing to say that concerns Miss Meredith's happiness."

"And what is that?" demanded the baronet, as he entered.

"I see by the G. O. that ye are named one of the commissioners to arrange a cartel of exchange with the rebels at Germantown to-day."

"Would to God it were to arrange a battle in which I might fall!"

"It is likely lists of prisoners will be shown, and should ye chance to see the name of Leftenant Hennion on any of those handed in by the rebels I recommend that ye do not advertise the fact when ye return to Philadelphia."

"But the fellow's dead."

"Ye have been long enough in the service to know that some die whose names never get on any return, and so some are reported dead who decline to be buried. Let us not beat about the bush as to what I mean. We are each doing our best to obtain possession of this lovely creature, but the father holds to his promise to the long-legged noodle, and if he is alive our suits are hopeless. So let them continue to suppose him—"

"Mine is so already," groaned Mobray. "But if 'twere not, I would not filch a woman's love by means of a deceit. Nor—"

"Fudge! Hear me through. The girl has always hated the match, which was one of her old fool of a father's conceiving, and will thank any one who saves her from the fellow. Let her say nay to us both, and it please her, but don't force her to a marriage of compulsion by needless blabbing."

"I will hold my peace, if that seems best for Miss Meredith; not otherwise, my lord," answered Mobray, flinging from the room.

The baronet mounted his horse, and, stabbing his spurs into him, galloped madly down Market Street, and then up Second Street to where it forked into two country roads. Here the lines of British fortifications intersected it, and a picket of cavalry forced the rider to draw rein and show his pass. This done, he rode on, though at a more easy pace, and an hour later entered the village of Germantown. In front of the Roebuck Inn a guidon, from which depended a white flag, had been thrust into the ground, and grouped about the door of the tavern was a small party of Continental light horse. Trotting up to them, Mobray dismounted, and after an inquiry and a request to one of them to take his horse, he entered the public room. To its one occupant, who was seated before the fire, he said: "The dragoons outside told me the reb—the Continental commissioners were here. Canst tell me where they are to be found, fellow?"

The person addressed rose from his seat, re-

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vealing clothes so soiled and tattered, and a pair of long boots of such shabby appearance, as to give him the semblance of some runaway 'prentice or bond-servant.

"Since when did you take to calling your superior officers fellows, Sir Frederick?" asked the other with a laugh.

With a cry of recognition, Mobray sprang forward, his hand outstretched. "Charlie!" he exclaimed. "Heavens, man, we have made a joke in the army of the appearance of thy troops, but I never thought to see the macaroni of the Mall in clothes not fit for a tinker."

"My name, Fred, is John Brereton," corrected the officer, "which is a change for the better, I think you will own. As for my clothes, I'll better them, too, if Congress ever gives us enough pay to do more than keep life in us. Owing to depreciation, a leftenant-colonel is allowed to starve at present on the equivalent of twenty-five dollars specie a month."

"And yet you go on serving such masters," burst out Mobray. "Come over to us, Charl—John. Sir William would give you—"

"Enough," interrupted Brereton, angrily. "For how long, Sir Frederick, have you deemed me capable of treachery?"

"'Tis no treachery to leave this unnatural rebellion and take sides with our good king."

"Such talk is idle, and you should know it, Mobray. A word with you ere Grayson and Hamilton—who have gone to look at that marplot house of Cliveden which frustrated all our hopes four months since—return and interrupt us. I last saw you at the Merediths'; can you give me word of them?"

"Only ill ones, alas!" answered the captain. "Their necessities are such that I fear me they are on the point of giving their daughter to that unutterable scoundrel, Clowes."

Jack started as if he had been stung. "You cannot mean that, man! We sent you word he had broke his parole."

"Ay," replied the baronet, flushing. "And let me tell you, John, that scarce an officer failed to go to Sir William and beg him to send the cur back to you."

"And you mean that Mr. Meredith can seriously intend to give Miss Janice to such a creature?"

"I fear 'tis as good as decided. You know the man, and how he gets his way, curse him!"

"I'd do more than that, could I but get into Philadelphia," declared Jack, hotly. "By Heavens, Fred—"

But here the entrance of other officers interrupted them, and Colonel Brereton was set to introducing Hamilton and Grayson to the British officer.

Scarcely had they been made known to each other when Mobray's fellow-commissioners, Colonel O'Hara and Colonel Stevens, with a detail of dragoons, came trotting up, and so soon as credentials were exchanged the six sat down about a table in a private room to discuss the matter which had brought them together. One of the first acts of Mobray was to ask for a look at the Continental lists of prisoners, and after a hurried glance through them, he turned and said to Brereton in a low voice: "We had word in Philadelphia that Leftenant Hennion died of a fever."

"'Tis a false rumour," replied Brereton. "If I could I'd see that he failed of an exchange till the end of the war; and I would that one of our officers in your hands could be kept by you for an equal term."

"Who is that?" asked Mobray.

"That rascal, Charles Lee," muttered Brereton. "But, though he openly schemed against General Washington, and sought to supersede him, his Excellency is above resentment, and has instructed us to obtain his exchange among the first."

In the arrangements of details of the cartel Brereton raised difficulties which involved much waste of time.

"Confound it!" said O'Hara presently, after a glance at his watch. "At this rate we shall have to take a second day to it."

"Beyond question," assented Jack, with a suggestion of eagerness. "Gentlemen, I invite you to dinner, and there are good sleeping rooms above."

"'Tis out of the question," replied Stevens. "We officers give a masked ball in the city tonight, and I am one of the managers."

"Well, then," urged Brereton, "at least stay and dine with me at three, and you shall be free to leave by six. 'Tis not much over an hour's ride to the city."

"That we'll do with pleasure," assented O'Hara.

"Go on with our discussion then while I speak to the landlord," remarked Jack, rising and passing to the kitchen. "We wish a dinner for six," he informed the publican, "by three o'clock." Then in a low voice he continued: "And hark you! One thing I wish done that is peculiar. Give us such whiskey as we call for of thy best, with lemons and sugar, but in place of hot water in the kettle, see to it that as often as it is replenished, it be filled with thy newest and palest rum. Understand?"

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When dinner was announced, Brereton drew Grayson aside for a moment and whispered: "'Tis a matter of life and death to me that these fellows be made too drunk to ride, Will, yet to keep sober myself. You've got the head and stomach of a ditcher; wilt make a sacrifice of yourself for my sake?"

"And but deem it sport," replied Grayson, with a laugh; and as he took his place at the table he remarked: "Gentlemen, we have tested British valour, we have tested British courtesy, and found them not wanting, but we understand that, though you turn not your backs to either our soldiery or our ladies, there is one thing which can make you tremble, and that is our good corn whiskey."

"Odds life!" cried O'Hara, "who has so libelled us? Man, we'd start three glasses ahead of you, and then drink you under the table, on a challenge, but for this ball that we are due at."

"A pretty brag," said Brereton; "fill up your glasses from decanter and kettle, and I will give you a toast as a starter, to which you must drink bumpers. Here's to the soldier who fights and loves, and may he never lack for either."

Four hours later, when Brereton rose from the table, Stevens and O'Hara were lying on the floor, Hamilton was fallen forward, his head resting among the dishes on the table, fast asleep, and Mobray and Grayson, clasped in each other's arms, were reeling forth different ditties under the impression that they were singing the same song. Tiptoeing from the room, the aide went to the kitchen door and said to the publican, "Order one of the dragoons to make ready Captain Mobray's horse, as he wishes to ride back to Philadelphia." In the passageway he took from the hook the hat, cloak and sword of the young officer, and, removing his own sash and sabre, donned the three. Stealing back to the scene of the revel, he found Mobray and Grayson now lying on the floor as well, unconscious, though still affectionately holding each other. Kneeling gently he searched the pockets of the unconscious man until the passport was lighted upon. Thrusting it into his belt, he stole from the room.

"What are the orders for us, sir?" asked the dragoon who held Mobray's horse, as the aide mounted.

With an almost perfect imitation of the baronet's voice, Brereton answered, "Colonel O'Hara will issue directions later," and then as he cantered down the road he added, gleefully: "Considerably later. What luck that it should be Fred, whose voice I know so well that I can do it to the life whenever I choose." Then he laughed with a note of deviltry. "I am popping my head into a noose," he said; "but whether 'tis that of hangman or matrimony, time only will show."

XXXV.

IN THE JAWS OF THE LION.

The ball had been in full progress for an hour when a masker, who, from his entrance, had stood leaning against the wall, suddenly left his isolated position and walked up to one of the ladies.

"Conceal your face and figure as you will, Miss Meredith, you cannot conceal your grace. Wilt honour me with this quadrille?"

"La, Sir Frederick! That you should know me, and I never dream it was you!" exclaimed the girl, as she gave her hand and let him lead her to where the figures were being formed. "There have been many guesses among the caps as to the identity of he who has held himself so aloof, but not a one suggested you. The disguise makes you look a good three inches taller."

As they took position a feminine domino came boldly across the room to them. "Is this the way you keep your word, Sir William?" she demanded, in a low voice, made harsh and grating by the fury it expressed.

"You mistake me, madam," answered the dancer, "though I would such a rapid promotion were a possibility."

The interloper made a startled step backward. "I have watched you for a half hour," she exclaimed as she turned away, "and would have sworn to your figure."

"'Tis wonderful," remarked Janice, "how deceiving a domino can be."

The dance ended, her partner said: "Miss Meredith, I have something to say to you of deepest consequence. Will you not come away from this crowd?"

"Ah, Sir Frederick," pleaded the girl, "do not recur to it again. Though you importune me for a day, I could but make the same reply."

"Sir Frederick passes his word that he will not tease you on that subject to-night; but speak I must concerning this match with Lord Clowes."

"'Tis in vain, sir," replied Janice; "for every moment convinces me the more that I must wed him, and so you will but make my duty the harder."

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"I beg you to give me a word apart, for I have a message to you from Colonel Brereton."

Janice's hand dropped from the officer's arm. "What is it?" she asked.

"'Tis not to be given here," urged the man. "I pray you to let me order your equipage and take you away. Another dance will be beginning on the moment and some one will claim you."

The girl raised her hand and once more placed it on her partner's arm; taking the motion as a consent to his wishes, the officer led her to the doorway.

"Call Miss Meredith's chair," he ordered of the guard grouped about the outer door, and in a moment was able to hand her into the vehicle.

"Where to?" he asked. "I mean—Home!" he cried, in a far louder voice, as if to drown the slip, at the same moment jumping in and taking his seat beside her.

As he did so the girl shrank away from him toward her corner of the gig. "Who are you?" she cried in a frightened voice.

"Who should I be but John Brereton."

"Are you mad," cried the girl, "to thus venture within the lines?"

"The news which brought me was enough to make me so," answered Jack. "You cannot know what you are doing that you so much as think of marrying that scum. For years he has been nothing but a spy and mackerel, willing to do the dirtiest work, and the scorn of every decent man in London, as here. Are you, are your father and mother, are your friends, all Bedlam crazed that you even consider it?"

"'Tis as horrible to me as it is to you," moaned Janice; "but it seems the only thing possible. Oh, Colonel Brereton, if you but knew our straits: without home, without money, without food, and without clothing, and with a future still more desperate—you would not blame me for anything I am doing." The girl broke into sobs as she ended, and turning from him leaned her head against the leathern curtain, just at the instant that the chaise drew up at its destination. Lifting rather than helping her from the carriage, Jack supported the maiden up the steps and into the hallway; but no sooner were they there than she freed herself from his supporting arm and exclaimed, "You must not stay here. Any instant you might be discovered."

"Then take me to a room where we can be safe for a moment. I shall not leave you till I have said my say."

"Ah, please," begged the girl. "Some one is like to enter even now."

Jack's only reply was to turn to the first door and throw it open. Finding that all was dark within, he caught Miss Meredith's fingers and drew her in after him, saying, as he did so, "Here we are safe, and you can tell me fully of your difficulties."

With her hand held in both of the aide's, Janice began a disconnected outpouring of the tale of her difficulties, intermixed by an occasional sob, caused quite as much by the officer's exclamations of sympathy, as by the misery of her position. Before a half of it had been spoken one of the hands grasping hers loosened itself and she was gently drawn by an encircling arm till her head could find support on his shoulder; not resenting, and, indeed, scarcely conscious of the clasp, she rested it there, with a strange sense of comfort and security.

"Alas," grieved Brereton, when all had been told, "I am as deep, if not deeper, in poverty, than you, and so I can give you no aid in money. Bad as things are, however, there is better possible than selling yourself to that worm, if you will but take it."

"What?"

"The French have come to our aid at last, and are sending us a fleet. If Howe will but be as slow as usual, and the States but hasten their levies, we shall catch him between the fleet and army and Burgoyne him. Even if he act quickly, he can save himself only by abandoning Philadelphia and consolidating his forces at New York. They may then fight on, for both the strength and the weakness of the British is a natural stupidity which prevents them from knowing when they are beat, but all doubt as to the outcome will be over. A three months at most can see you safe back at Greenwood."

"But dadda says they will take it away, and exile us."

"I have no doubt the rag-tag politicians, if not too busy scheming how to cripple General Washington, will set to on some such piece of folly, for by their persecutions and acts of outlawry and escheatage they have driven into Toryism enough to almost offset the Whigs the British plundering has made. But from this you can be saved if you will but let me." As the officer ended the clasp of his arm tightened, though it lost no element of the caress.

"How?"

"I stand well in the cause, and though I could not, I fear, save your property to you, they would never take it once it were in Whig hands, and so by a marriage to me you can secure it. Ah, Miss Meredith, you have said

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you do not love me, and I stand here to-night a beggar, save for the sword I wear, but I love you as never man loved woman before, and my life shall be given to tenderness and care for you. Surely your own home with me is better than exile with that cur! And I'll make you love me! I'll woo you till I win you, my sweet, if it take a life to do it." Raising the hand he held, the aide kissed it fondly. "I know I've given you reason to think me disrespectful and rough; I know I have the devil's own temper, but if I've caused you pain at moments, I've suffered tenfold in the recollection. Can you not forgive me?" Once again he eagerly caressed her hand; and finding that she offered no resistance to the endearments, Jack, with an inarticulate cry of delight, stooped and pressed his lips to her cheek.

On the instant Janice felt a hand laid on her shoulders, then on her head, as if some one were feeling of her.

"Who is this?" demanded Jack, lifting his head with a start.

The question was scarcely uttered when the sound of a blow came to the girl's ears, and the arm which had been supporting her relaxed its hold, as the lover sank rather than fell to the floor. With loud screams the girl staggered backward, groping her way blindly in the dark. There came the sound of feet hurrying down the hallway, and the door was thrown open by one of the men servants, revealing, by the shaft of light which came through it, the figure of Jack stretched on the floor, with the commissary kneeling upon him, engaged in binding his wrists with a handkerchief.

"Out to the stables and get me a guard," ordered Lord Clowes. "I have a spy captured here. No; first light those candles from the lamp in the hall. I advise you, Miss Meredith," he said scoffingly, "that next time ye arrange an assignation with a lover that ye take the precaution to assure yourself that the room is unoccupied."

"Oh, Lord Clowes," implored the girl, "won't you let him go for my sake?"

"That plea is the least likely of any to gain your wish," responded the baron, derisively.

"I will promise that I will never wed him, will never see him again," offered Janice.

"Of that I can give ye assurance," retorted the commissary, rising and picking up from where he had dropped it the horse-pistol with which he had stunned the unconscious man. "A drum-head court-martial will sit not later than to-morrow morning, Miss Meredith, and there will be one less rebel in the world ere nightfall. Thy promise is a fairly safe one to make. Here," he continued, as the soldiers came running into the room, "fetch a pail of water and douse it over this fellow, for I want to carry him before Sir William. You were wise not to remove your wraps, Miss Meredith, for I shall have to ask your company as well."

When the aide was sufficiently conscious to be able to stand he was put between two of the soldiers, and ten minutes later the whole party reached the house of the commander-in-chief. Given entrance, without waiting to have their arrival announced, the commissary led the way through the parlour into the back room, where, about a supper table, the British commander, Mrs. Loring, and two officers were sitting.

"Ye must pardon this intrusion, Sir William," explained Lord Clowes, as Howe, in surprise, faced about, "but we have just caught a spy red-handed, and an important one at that, being none less than Colonel Brereton, an aide of Mr. Washington. Bring him forward, sergeant."

As Jack was led into the strong light, Mrs. Loring started to her feet with a scream, echoed by an exclamation of "By God!" from one of the officers, while the three or four glasses at Howe's place were noisily swept into a jumble by the impulsive swing of the general's arm as he threw himself backward and rested against the table.

"Charlie, Charlie!" cried Mrs. Loring. "You here?"

Standing rigidly erect, the aide said coldly, "My name is John Brereton; nor have I the honour of your acquaintance."

"What's to do here?" ejaculated Lord Clowes. "I know the man to be what he says, and that he has come in disguise within our lines to spy."

Without looking at the commissary, Jack answered: "I wore no disguise when I passed through your lines, nor have I for a moment laid aside my uniform."

"Call you those rags a uniform?" jeered the commissary.

"Howe gave a hearty laugh. "Why, yes, baron," he answered. "Know you not the rebel colours by this time?"

"And how about the domino he wears over them, and the mask I hold in my hand?" contended Lord Clowes.

"I procured them this evening at the Franklin house in Second Street, as you will learn by sending some one to inquire, merely to attend the ball."

A second exclamation broke from Mrs.

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Loring: "Then 'twas you I mistook for—Sir William, I thought 'twas you from his figure."

Again the general laughed. "Ho, Loring," said he. "What say you to that?"

"Take and hang me, or send me to the pest hole you kill your prisoners in, but let me get away from here," raged Jack, white with passion, as he gave a futile wrench in an attempt to free his hands.

"Art so anxious to be hanged, boy?" asked Sir William.

"'Tis a fit end to a life begun as mine was!" answered the aide.

"Oh, Sir William," spoke up Janice, "he did not come to spy, but only to see me. You will not hang him for that, surely?"

"Yoicks! Must you snare, even into the hangman's noose, every one that looks but at you, Miss Janice? If the day ever comes when the innocent no longer swing for the guilty, 'tis you will be hung."

"We lose time over this badinage, Sir William," complained the commissary, angrily. "The fellow is a spy without question."

"He is not," cried Mrs. Loring; "and he shall not even be a prisoner. You will not hold him, Sir William, when he came but to see the maid he loves?"

"Come, sir," said the general. "Wilt ask your life of me?"

"No. And be damned to you!"

"You see, Jane."

"I care not what he says; you shall let him go free."

"Are ye all mad?" fumed the commissary.

"He ever had the art of getting the women on his side, Clowes," laughed Sir William, good-naturedly. "How the dear creatures love a man of fire! Look you, boy, with such a friend as Mrs. Loring—to say nothing of others—no limit can be set to your advancement, if you will but put foolish pride in your pocket, and throw in your lot with us."

"I'd sooner starve with Washington than feast with you."

"That's easily done!" remarked Loring, jeeringly.

"Not so easily as in your prisons," retorted Jack.

"Don't be foolish and stick to your tantrums, lad," persuaded Howe.

"Is a man foolish who elects to stick to the winning side? For you are beaten, Sir William, and none know it better than you."

"Damn thy tongue!" roared Howe, springing up.

"Don't blame him for it, William," cried Mrs. Loring. "How can he be other than a lad of spirit?"

Howe fell back into his seat. "There 'tis again. Ah, gentlemen, the sex beat us in the end! Well, Jane, since thou'rt commander-in-chief, please issue thy orders."

"Set him free at once."

"We can scarce do that, though we'll not hang him as a spy, lest all the caps go into mourning. Commissary Clowes, he is yours; we will hold him as a prisoner of war."

"Do that, and you must answer for it," said Jack. "You can hang me as a spy, if you choose, but yesterday I rode into Germantown under a flag of truce, and on your own pass, as one of the commissioners of exchange. What word will you send to General Washington if you attempt to hold me prisoner?"

"Well done!" exclaimed Howe. "One would almost think it had been prearranged. Release his arms, sergeant. Loring, let the boy have a horse and a pass to Germantown. I rely on your honour, sir, that you take no advantage of what you have seen or heard within our lines."

Jack bowed assent without a word.

"And now, sir, that you are free," went on Sir William, "have you no thanks for us."

"Not one."

"Ah, Charlie," begged Mrs. Loring. "Just a single word of forgiveness."

Without a sign to show he heard her, Jack went to Janice and took her hand. "Don't forget my pledge. Save you I can, if you will but let me." He stooped his head slightly and hesitated for a moment, his eyes fixed on her lips, then he kissed her hand.

And as he did so Mrs. Loring burst into tears. "You are killing me by your cruelty," she cried.

"Ah, Colonel Brereton, say something kind to her!" begged the girl, impulsively.

Wheeling about, Jack strode forward till he stood beside the woman. "This scoundrel," he began, indicating Clowes, with a contemptuous gesture, "is seeking to force Miss Meredith into a marriage; save her from that, and the wrong you did me is atoned."

"I will; I will," replied Mrs. Loring, lifting her head eagerly. "I'll— Ah, Charlie, one kiss—just one to show that I am forgiven— No, not for that," she hurriedly added, as the aide drew back—"to show—for what I will do for her. Everything I can I will— Just one."

For an instant Brereton hesitated, then bent his head, and the woman, with a cry of joy, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him not once, but five or six times, and would have

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continued but for his removing her hands and stepping backward.

"Come, sir," said Clowes, irritably, "if the whole army is not to have wind of this, follow me. Daybreak is not far away, and you should be in the saddle."

The aide once more went to Janice, and would have again taken her hand, but the girl shrank away, and turned her back upon him.

"One farewell," pleaded Jack.

"You have had it," replied Janice, without turning.

"Ay. Be off with you," seconded Howe, and without a word Brereton followed Clowes from the room.

As the front door banged, and ere any one had spoken, the thunder of a cannon sounded loud and clear, and at short intervals other booms succeeded, as if the first was echoing repeatedly. But the trained ear of the general was not deceived.

"'Tis the water battery saluting," he said, rising. "So Sir Henry Clinton has evidently arrived. Come, gentlemen, 'tis only courteous that we meet him at the landing."

XXXVI.

THE FAREWELL TO HOWE.

In the movement that ensued, Janice slipped into the hallway, and in a moment she was scurrying along the street, so busy with her thoughts that she took no heed of the satin slippers which had hitherto been so carefully saved from the pavements. She had not gone a square when the sound of footsteps behind her made the girl quicken her pace, but instantly the pursuer accelerated his, and really alarmed, Janice broke into a run, which ended only as she darted up the steps of her home, where she seized the knocker and banged wildly. Before any one had been roused within, the man stood beside her, and with his first word the fugitive recognised Lord Clowes.

"I meant not to frighten you," he said; "but you should not have come away alone, for there are pretty desperate knaves stealing about, and had you encountered the patrol, you would have been taken to the provost-marshal for carrying no lantern."

Relieved to know who it was, but too breathless to make reply, Janice leaned against the lintel until a sleepy soldier gave them entrance. There was a further delay while Lord Clowes lighted a dip from the lamp, and lighted her to the stairway. Here he handed it to her, but retaining his own hold, so as to prevent her departing, he said:

"I lost my temper at hearing that young scamp make such ardent love, and so I spoke harshly to ye. Canst not make allowance for a lover's jealousy?"

"Please let me have the light."

"Whether you pardon me or no, of one thing I am sure," went on Clowes, still holding the candle, "you're not so lovesick of this rogue as to overlook his seeking the aid of his discarded mistress in his suit of ye. I saw your look as she kissed him."

"'Tis not a subject I choose to talk with you, nor is it one for any gentlewoman," said Janice, dropping her hold on the candle and starting upstairs. At the top she paused long enough to say, "Nor do I accept your version," and then hurried to her room and bolted the door.

After breakfast the next morning, as she was pretendedly reading Racine's "Iphigénie," lest her mother should find her doing nothing, and order her to some task, a letter was handed her by one of the servants, with word that it had been brought by a soldier; and breaking the seal, Janice read:

MY DEER CHILD

pleas do forgiv al i spoke to yu a bout the furst time i see yu for i did not understan it at al i was dredful up set bi last nite and feel monstrous pukish this mawning but i hope yu will cum to see me soon for i want much to tawk with yu a bout how i can help yu and to kiss and hugg yu for yu ar so prity that I shud lov just to tuch yu like sum one else did yu see how his eys lovd yu when he was going a way he yused to look that way at me and i cried mitey hard al nite at his krulty pleas cum soon to unhapy

JANE LORING

ps. i shall cum to yu if yu dont cum quick

"There is no answer," the maiden told the servant; then, as he went to the door, she added, "And should a Mrs. Loring wish to see me, you will refuse me to her."

Left alone, Janice went to the fireplace, in which the advance of spring no longer made a fire necessary, and taking from its niche the tinder box, she struck flint on steel, and in a moment had a blaze started. Not waiting to let it gain headway, she laid the letter upon the flame, and held it there with the tongs till it ignited. "I knew without your telling me," she said, "that he no longer loved you, and great wonder it is, considering your age, that he ever could."

"Hast turned fireworshipper?" demanded André's voice merrily, as she still knelt, "for if so, 'twill be glad news for the sparks."

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The girl sprang to her feet. "I—I was just burning a—a—some rubbish," she said.

"Here I am, not in the lion's den, but in the jackal's, and my stay must be brief. Canst detect that I am big with news?"

"Of what?"

"This morning Sir Henry Clinton arrived, and for the first time the army learns that Sir William has resigned his command, and is leaving us. The field officers wish to mark his departure by a farewell fête in his honour, and as it would be a mockery without the ladies, we are appealing to them to aid us. We plan to have a tourney of knights, each of whom is to have a damsel who shall reward him with a favour at the end of the contest. I have bespoken fair Peggy for mine, and I am sure Mobray, who is not yet returned, will ask you. Wilt help us?"

"Gladly," assented Janice, eagerly. "If dadda will let me."

"I met him in High Street on my way here, made my plea, and, though at first he pulled a negative look, when I reminded him he owed Sir William for a good place, he relented and said you could."

"And what am I to do?"

"You are to be gowned in a Turkish costume, in the—"

"Nay, Captain André," replied Janice, shaking her head, "we are too poor to spend any money in such manner."

"Think you the knights are so lacking in chivalry that we could permit our guests to pay. The subscription is large enough to cover all expenses, the stuffs are already purchased, and all you will have to do is to make them up in the manner of this sketch."

"Then I accept with pleasure and thanks."

"'Tis we owe the thanks. And now farewell, for I have much to do."

"Captain André," said the girl, as he opened the door. "I have a question— Wilt answer me something?"

"Need you ask?"

"I suppose 'tis a peculiar one, and so— Do you—is it generally thought by— Do the gentlemen of the army deem Mrs. Loring beautiful?"

"Too handsome for the good of our—of the army."

"Even though she paints and powders?"

"But in London and Paris 'tis the mode."

"I think 'tis a horrid custom."

"And so would every woman had she but thy cheeks. Ah, Miss Meredith, 'tis easy for the maid whose tints are a daily toast at the messes to blame those to whom nature has not given a transparent skin and mantling blood."

When Mobray returned from Germantown, he at once sought out Janice, and confirmed André's action. Though he found her working on the costume, it was with so melancholy a countenance that he demanded the cause.

"'Tis what you know already," moaned the girl, miserably. "Lord Clowes is pressing me for an answer, and now dadda is urgent that I give him ay."

"Why?"

"He went to see Sir Henry, and had so cold a reception that he thinks 'tis certain he is to lose his place, let alone the report that General Clinton was heard to say Sir William's friends were to be got rid of. What can we do?"

"But Char—Brereton assured me he had spoked the fellow's wheel by securing the aid of—"

"'Tis naught to me what he has done," interrupted Janice, proudly; "nor did I give him the right to intervene."

"You must not give yourself to Clowes. 'Tis—ah—rather than see that I'll speak out."

"About what?"

"Leftenant Hennion is not dead! 'Twas but another of Clowes's lies, and your father shall know it, let him do his worst." Without giving his courage time to cool, the young fellow dashed across the hallway to the office where the commissary and squire were sitting, and announced: "News, Mr. Meredith. Leftenant Hennion is alive, for his name was on the rebel lists of prisoners to be exchanged."

"Odsbodikins!" ejaculated the squire. "Here's an upset, Clowes, to all our talk."

"Ye'll not be fool enough to let it make any difference," growled the baron, his eyes resting on Mobray with a look that boded no good. "Ye'll only increase thy difficulties by holding to that old folly."

"Nay, Clowes, Lambert Meredith ne'er broke his word to any man, and, God helping, he never will."

With a real struggle, the commissary held his anger in check. "I'll talk of this later," he said, after a pause, "when I can speak less warmly than now I feel. As for ye, sir," he said, facing Mobray, "I will endeavour—the favour ye have done shall not be forgotten."

"Take what revenge you please, my lord," replied Mobray, his voice shaking a little nonetheless, "I have done what as a gentleman I was compelled to do, and am ready for the consequences, be they what they may."

"A fit return for my lenience," remarked Clowes to the squire after Sir Frederick had

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made his exit. "He has long owed me money, for which I have never pressed him, yet now he would have it that if I but ask payment, 'tis revenge."

One result of Mobray's outbreak was to give Janice another knight for the pageant.

"'Tis a crying shame," André told her; "but poor Fred has gone to the wall at last, and is to be sold up. Therefore, he chooses to withdraw from the tourney, and begs me to make his apologies to you, for he is too dumpish to wish to see any one. 'Twill make no difference to you, save that you will have Brigade Major Tarleton in place of the baronet."

"Can nothing be done for him?" asked Janice.

"Be assured, if anything could be, his fellow-officers would not have allowed the army to lose him, for he is loved by every man in the service; but he is in for four thousand pounds."

Three days after the departure of Howe, the squire came in to dinner, a paper in hand, and with a beaming face. "Fine news," he observed. "I am not to be displaced."

"Good!" cried the commissary, while Janice clapped her hands. "I spoke to Sir Henry strongly in your favour, and am joyed to hear that it has borne fruit."

"How know you, Lambert?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"I have here an order to load the Rose tender with such rebel property as the commissaries shall designate, and superintend its removal to New York. They'd ne'er employ me on so long a job, were I marked to lose my employment, eh, Clowes?"

"Well reasoned. For 'tis not merely a task of time, but one of confidence. But look ye, man, if thou'rt indeed to make a voyage to York and back, which will likely take a month, 'tis best that we settle this question of marriage ere ye go. I've given Miss Janice time, I think ye'll grant, and 'twill be an advantage in your absence that she and Mrs. Meredith have one bound to protect them."

"I'd say ay in a moment, Clowes, but for my word to Hennion."

"'Tis a promise thou shouldst ne'er have made, and which it is now thy every interest to be quit of, let alone that 'tis so distasteful to thy daughter."

"A promise is a promise," answered the father, with an obstinate motion of head.

"And a fool's a fool," retorted Clowes, losing his temper. "In counsel and aid I've done my best for ye; now go your gait, and see what comes of it."

A week later, Mr. Meredith bade farewell to wife and daughter.

"I wish you weren't going, dadda," Janice moaned. "'Tis so akin to last summer that it frights me."

"Nay, lass, be grateful that I have the job to do, and that with good winds I shall be back within a fortnight. Clowes has passed his word that ye shall want for nothing, and ye've other friends in plenty to go to, should anything prevent him. I'll be back ere ye know I've gone."

There was good cause, however, for the girl's fear of the future, for in less than a week from her father's sailing, on every street corner, in every tavern, and in every drawing-room of the town the news that Philadelphia was to be evacuated was being eagerly and anxiously discussed.

XXXVII.

THE EVACUATION.

Confirmation of the rumour, so far as Mrs. Meredith and Janice were concerned, was first received through the commissary.

"Ay," he told them, when questioned. "'Twas decided at a council of war the very day Howe left us, and that was why we at once began transferring our stores and the seized property to New York, one cargo of which your husband was put in charge. 'Twill tax our shipping to the utmost to save it all."

"But why did you not warn us, so that we might have embarked with him?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"'Twas a military secret to be told to no one."

"Can dadda return ere the evacuation begins?"

"'Tis scarce possible, even if his orders permit it."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Thou hadst best apply at once to the deputy quartermaster-general for transports."

Mrs. Meredith acted on this advice the following day, but without success.

"Think you the king's ships and transports have naught to do but act as packet-boats for you Americans?" the deputy asked. "Hundreds of applications have been filed already, and not another one will we receive. If you'd for New York, hire a passage in a private ship."

This was easier to recommend than to do, for such was the frantic demand for accommodation that the prices had been raised to exorbitant figures, quite beyond their

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means. So appeal was made once more to Clowes.

"'Tis something of a quandary," he remarked; "but there is a simple way out."

"What?"

"I'd have saved ye all worry over the matter but that I wished ye to learn the difficulties. I have never made pretence to doing favours out of mere kindness of heart, and ye know quite as well as I why I have given ye lodging and other aids. But for that very reason I am getting wearied of doing all and receiving nothing, and have come to the end. Give me Miss Janice, and my wife and mother shall have passage in the ship I sail in."

"You take a poor way, Lord Clowes, to gain your wish," said Janice. "Generosity—"

"Has had a six months' trial, and brought me no nearer to a consummation," interrupted the baron. "Small wonder I sicken of it and lose patience."

"'Tis not to be expected that I would let my daughter wed you, when her father has given you nay."

"Because he has passed his word to another, and so holds himself bound. He said he'd consent but for that, and by acting in his absence ye can save him a broken oath, yet do the sensible thing. He'll be glad enough once done; that I'll tie to."

"It scarce betters it in a moral sense," replied Mrs. Meredith. "However, we will not answer till we have had a chance to discuss it by ourselves."

"Janice," said her mother, once they were alone, "thy dread of that man is a just one, and I—"

"I know—I know," broke in the daughter miserably; "but I—if I can make us all easy as to money and future—"

"Those are but worldly benefits, my child."

"But, mommy darling," said the girl, chokingly, as she knelt at her mother's feet and threw her arms about Mrs. Meredith's waist, "since live we must, what can we do but—but—" and then the girl buried her head in her mother's lap.

"You are right, Janice. God has put us here to take us only when He elects, and till then we must do what seems to us right. Let us talk no further now, but take a night's thought over it."

They were engaged in discussing the problem the following afternoon, when Lieutenant Hennion burst in upon them.

"Why, Phil!" cried Mrs. Meredith; and Janice, springing from her chair, met him halfway with outstretched hand, while exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Hennion, 'tis indeed good to see an old friend's face."

"'Tis glad tidings ter me ter hearn you say that," declared Philemon, eagerly. "Yestere'en General Lee and the other rebel prisoners came out from Philadelphia, and we, having been brought from Morristown some days before, were at once set at liberty; but 'twas too late ter come in, so we waited for daylight. I only reported at quarters, and then, learning where you lodged, I come—I came straight ter—to find how you fared."

Alternating explanation and commentary, the women told of their difficulties.

"I can't aid you to get aboard one of the ships, for I've had ter draw my full pay all the time I was prisoner, the rebels nigh starving us, let alone freezing, so money's as scarce with me as with you. But I'll go ter—to my colonel, and see if I can't get permission that you may go with our baggage train."

"'Twill be a benefit indeed, if you can do that," exclaimed Mrs. Meredith.

"Then I'll not tarry now, but be off about it at once, for there was a rumour at brigade headquarters that three regiments had been ordered across the river this afternoon, and that it meant a quick movement." He picked up his hat as if to go, then paused, and haltingly continued, "I hope, Ja—Ja—Janice, that you've come ter—to like—not to be so set against what I wants so much. It's nigh a year since I seen—saw you last, but it's only made me love you the better."

The girl, with a look of real contrition, answered, "Oh, Mr. Hennion, do not force—'Twould be wrong to us both if I deceived you."

"You can't love me?"

"I—oh, I believe I am a giddy, perverse female, for I seem able to care for no man."

"The world I'd give ter win you, Janice; but I'll not tease you now, the more that I can be doing you a service, and that's joy enough."

Philemon went toward the door; but ere he had reached it Janice had overtaken him and seized his hand in both of hers. "You deserve to love a better maid," she said huskily, "and I wish you might; but perhaps 'twill be some comfort to you to know that dadda holds to his promise, and—and that I am less wilful and more obedient, I hope, than once I was."

As Philemon opened his mouth to make reply he was cut short by the entrance of the commissary, who halted and frowned as he took in the hand-clasp of the two.

"Humph!" he muttered, and then louder remarked, "Yet another! You'll be pleased to

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know, sir, that Miss Meredith's favours mean little. But a month since I caught that fellow Brereton regaling himself with her lips."

"That's a lie, I know," retorted Philemon, angrily; but as he glanced at the girl and saw her crimson, he exclaimed, "You just said you cared for no man!"

"It—it was at a moment when I scarce knew what I did," faltered Janice, "and—and—now I would not be kissed by him for anything in the world. I—I am—I was honest in what I said to you, Philemon."

"I'll believe anything you say, Janice," impulsively replied the lieutenant, as with unprecedented boldness he raised her hand to his lips. Then facing Clowes he said: "And I advise you ter have a care how you speak of Miss Meredith. I'll not brook hearing her aspersed." With this threat he left the room.

"I regret to have been an intruder on so tender a scene," sneered the commissary; "but I came with information that was too important to delay. The orders have been issued that all ships make ready to drop down the river with the tide at daybreak to-morrow, and 'tis said that the army will begin its march across the Jerseys but a twenty-four hours later. So there is no time to lose if you wish to sail with me. The marriage must take place by candle-light this evening, and we must embark immediately after."

"Philemon has promised us his aid, Lord Clowes," replied Mrs. Meredith, "and so we need not trouble you."

"Hennion! But he must go with his regiment."

"He offers us a place in the baggage train."

"Evidently he has not seen the general orders. Clinton is too good an officer to so encumber himself; and the orders are strict that only the women of the regiments be permitted to march with the army. I take it you scarce wish to class yourself with them, however much it might delight the soldiery."

"They could scarce treat us worse than you, Lord Clowes," said Mrs. Meredith, indignantly. "Nor do I believe that even the rank and file would take such advantage of two helpless women as you are seeking to do."

"Tush! I may state it o'er plainly; but my intention is merely to make clear for your own good that ye have no other option but that I offer ye."

"Any insults would be easier to bear than yours," declared Janice; "and theirs would be for once, while yours are unending."

"Such folly is enough to make one forswear the whole sex," the commissary angrily replied. "Nor am I the man to put up with such womanish humorsomeness. I've stood your caprice till my patience is exhausted; now I'll teach ye what—"

"Hey dey!" exclaimed André, as a servant threw open the door and ushered him in. "What have we here? I trust I am not *mal apropos?*"

"Far from it," spoke up Janice. "And thou'rt welcome."

"I come ladened with grief and with messages. Mr. Hennion, whom I met at headquarters, asked me to tell you his request was refused, that his regiment was even then embarking to cross the Delaware, and that therefore he could not return, whatever his wish. The Twenty-sixth is under orders to follow at daybreak to-morrow, and so we plan a farewell supper this evening at my quarters. Will you not cheer our sorrow by giving us your presence?"

"With more than pleasure," assented Mrs. Meredith; "and if 'twill not trouble you, we will avail ourselves of your escort even now."

"Would that such trouble were commoner."

"Then we'll get our coverings without delay."

Lord Clowes, with a deepened scowl on his face, intercepted them at the door. "I have warned ye that we must be aboard ship ere ten. Refuse me my will and ye'll not be able to rejoin Mr. Meredith. Take my offer, or remain in the city."

"We shall remain," responded Mrs. Meredith.

"With your husband a warden of the seized property of the rebels, and known to have carried away a shipload of it? Let me warn ye that the rebels whom we drove out of Philadelphia will be in no sweet mood when they return and find what we have destroyed or carried off. Hast heard how the Bostonians treated Captain Fenton's wife and fifteen-year-old daughter? Gentlewomen though they were, the mob pulled them out of their house, stripped them naked in the public streets, smeared them with tar and feathers, and then walked them as a spectacle through the town. And Fenton had done far less to make himself hated than Mr. Meredith. Consider their fate and decide if marriage with me is the greater evil."

"Every word you have spoken, Lord Clowes," replied Mrs. Meredith, "has tended to make us think so."

"Then may you reap the full measure of your folly," raged the commissary.

"Come, Janice," said her mother; and the

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two, without a parting word, left him. Once upstairs, Janice flung her arms about Mrs. Meredith's neck.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "please, please forgive me. I have ever thought you hard and stern to me, but now I know you are not." And the two kissed each other as they had never kissed before.

Strive as those at the supper might, they could not make it a merry meal. The officers, with a sense of defeat at heart, and feeling that they were abandoning those who had shown them only kindness, had double cause to feel depressed, while the ladies, without knowledge of what the future might contain, could not but be anxious, try their all. And as if these were not spectres enough at the feast, a question of Mrs. Meredith as to Mobray added one more gloomy shadow.

"Fred? Alas!" one of the officers replied. "He was sold out, and the poor fellow was lodged in the debtors' prison, as you know. As we chose not to have them fall into the hands of the rebels, a general jail delivery was ordered this morning, which set him at large."

"And what became of him?" asked Janice.

"Would that I could learn!" groaned André. "As soon as I was off duty, I sought for him, but he was not to be heard of, go to whom I would. Bah! No more of this graveyard talk. Come, Miss Meredith. I'll give you the subject for a historical painting. I found of Franklin's possessions not a little which took my fancy, and such of it as I chose I carry with me to New York, as fair spoil of war. Prithee, draw a picture of the old fox as he will appear when he hears of his loss. 'Twill at least give him the opportunity to prove himself the 'philosopher' he is said to be. I have taken his oil portrait, and when I get fit quarters again I shall hang it, and nightly pray that I may live long enough to do the same to the original. Heaven save me if ever I be captured, though, for I make little doubt that in his rage he would accord me the very fate I wish for him!"

When at last the evening's festivities, if such they might be termed, were over, it was André, preceded by a couple of soldiers with lanterns, who escorted them back to their home, and at Janice's request he ordered the two men to remain in the now deserted house.

"They must leave you before daybreak," the officer warned them; "but they will assure you a quiet night. I would that you were safe in New York, however, and shall rest uneasy till I welcome you there. Ladies, you have made many an hour happier to John André," ended the young officer, his voice breaking slightly. "Some day, God willing, he will endeavour to repay them."

"Oh, Captain André," replied Mrs. Meredith, "'tis we are the debtors indeed!"

"We'll not quarrel over that at parting," said André, forcing a merry note into his voice. "When this wretched rebellion is over, and you are well back at Greenwood—and may that be soon—I will visit you and endeavour to settle debit and credit."

Just as he finished, the sound of drums was heard.

"'Tis past tattoo, surely?" Janice questioned with a start.

"Ay," replied André. "'Tis the rogue's march they are ruffling for a would-be deserter who was drum-headed this evening, and whom they are taking to the State House yard to hang. Brrew! Was not the gloom of tonight great enough without that as a last touch to ring in our ears? What a fate for a soldier who might have died in battle! Farewell, and may it be but a short *au revoir,*" and, turning, the young officer hurried away, whistling, in an attempt to be cheery, the air of the soldier's song:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die.
What, sighing, fie!
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you or I!"

XXXVIII.

A TIME OF TERROR.

The Merediths were awakened the next morning by sounds which told of the movements of troops, and all day long the regiments were marching to the river, and as fast as they could be ferried were transferred to the Jersey side, the townspeople who, by choice or necessity, were left behind being helpless spectators meanwhile. Once again the streets of Philadelphia assumed the appearance of almost absolute desertion, for as the sun went down the prudent-minded retired within doors, taking good heed to bar shutters and bolt doors, and the precaution was well, for all night long men might be seen stealing about the streets—jailbirds, British deserters, and other desperadoes, tempted by hope of plunder.

Terrified for their own safety, Mrs. Meredith and Janice failed not to use every means at hand to guard their own safety, not merely closing and securing, so far as they were able,

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every possible entrance to the house, but as dark came on, their fear led them to ascend to the garret by a ladder through a trap, and drawing this up, they closed the entrance. Here they sat crouched on the bare boards, holding each other, for what seemed to them immeasurable hours, and such was the intensity of the nervous anxiety of waiting that it was scarcely added to, when, toward daybreak, both thought they detected the tread of stealthy footsteps through the rooms below. Of this they presently had assurance, for when the pound of horses' hoofs sounded outside, the intruders, whoever they might be, were heard to run through the hall and down the stairs with a haste which proved to the miserable women that more than they had cause for fear.

Hardly had this racket died away when a loud banging on the front door reached even their ears, and after several repetitions new fear was given them by the crashing of wood and splintering of glass, which told that some one had broken in a shutter and window to effect an entrance. Once again footsteps on the stairs were heard, and a man rushed into the room underneath them and came to a halt.

"Do you find them?" he shouted to some companion, whose answer could not be heard. "What ho!" he went on in stentorian voice. "Is there any one in this house who can give me word of a family of Merediths?"

Janice reached forward and raised the trap, but her mother caught her arm away, and the door fell with a bang.

"'Tis all right, mommy," the girl protested. "Didst not hear the jingle of his spurs? 'Tis surely an officer, and we need not fear any such."

Even as she spoke the trap was raised by a sabre from below. "Who's above?" the man demanded, and as Janice leaned forward and peeked through the opening, he went on, "I seek—" There he uncovered. "Ah, Miss Meredith, dark as it is above, I could pick you from a thousand by Colonel Brereton's description. I was beginning to fear some misfortune had overtaken you. I am Captain McLane of the Light Horse. You can descend without fear."

With a relief that was not to be measured, the two dropped the ladder into place and descended.

"Is Colonel Brereton here?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"Not he, or I suspect he'd never have given me the thrice-repeated charge to make sure of your safety. He is with the main army, now in full pursuit of the British, and we'll hope to come up with the rats ere they get safely to their old hole. Since you are safe I must not tarry, for there is much to—"

"Oh, Captain McLane, can't you stay?" beseeched Janice. "Do not leave us unprotected. I can't tell you what we have suffered through thought of possible violence, and even now—"

"I will station a trooper at the door," the officer promised; "but have no fear. Already patrols are established, and within an hour broadsides will be posted about the city warning all plunderers or other law-breakers that they will be shot or hanged on sight. General Arnold, who is given command of the city, intends there shall be no disturbance, and he is not the man to have his orders broke."

Set at ease as to their safety, the first concern of the women was a hastily improvised breakfast from the scantily supplied larder which Clowes's servants had abandoned to them. In the kitchen, as well as all over the house, they found ample signs that pilferers had been at work, for every receptacle had been thrown open, drawers dragged out, and the floor littered with whatever the despoilers elected not to take. A month before Janice would probably have been moved to tears at the discovery that her "elegant and dashy robing," as well as her Mischianza costume, had been stolen, but now she scarcely gave either of them a thought, so grateful was she merely to feel that they were secure from violence and insult.

In reinstating her own meagre possessions to their proper receptacles, which was the girl's after-breakfast occupation, she came upon an unfinished silk purse, and this served to bring an end for a time to the restoration of order, while she sat upon the floor in a meditative attitude. Presently she laid it on the bureau with a little sigh and returned to her task. Once this was completed, she again took the purse, and seating herself, set about its completion.

Afraid to stir out of doors, and with little to occupy her, the next three days served to complete the trifle, elaborate and complicated as the pattern was. Meantime, a steady stream of Whigs flooded into the city, and from Captain McLane, who twice dropped in to make sure of their well-being, they learned that the Continental Congress was about to resume its sessions in the city. Ocular proof that the rulers of America were assembling was very quickly brought home to the two, for one morning Janice, answering a rap of the knocker, opened the door to Joe Bagby.

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"Well, miss, I guess you're not sorry to see an old friend's face, are you, now that the dandiprat redcoats you've been gallivanting with have shown that they prefer running away to fighting?" was his greeting, as he held out his hand.

Janice, divided in mind by the recollection of his treatment of them and by her fear of the future, extended her own and allowed it to be shaken, as the easiest means of escaping the still more difficult verbal response.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?" inquired the caller, "for I've got something to say."

"I didn't know that you would want to," faltered Janice, making entrance for him. "Mommy will gla—will be in the parlour," she said, leading the way to that room.

Without circumlocution, Bagby went at the object of his call the moment the equally embarrassing meeting with Mrs. Meredith was over.

"I came up to town," he announced, "to 'tend Congress, of which I'm now a member"; and here the speaker paused as if to let the new dignity come home to his hearers. "Didn't I tell you I was a rising man? But I had another object in view in being so prompt, and that was to have a talk with you to see if we can't arrange things. 'Tisn't given to every girl to marry a Congressman, eh, miss?"

"I—I—suppose not," stammered Janice, frightened, yet with an intense desire to laugh.

"Before I say anything as to that," went on Bagby, "I want to tell you that I've been a good friend of yours. Old Hennion, who's come out hating your dad the worst way, was for introducing a bill in Assembly last session declaring his lands forfeited, but I told him I'd not have it."

"We are very grateful," said Mrs. Meredith, with not a little surprise in her voice.

"That's what I guessed you'd be," said the legislator. "Says I to myself, 'They've made a mistake as to the side they took, but when they see that the British is beat, they'll do most anything to put themselves right again and save their property.' Now, if Miss Janice will marry me, there isn't any reason why you shouldn't all come back to Greenwood and live as fine as a fivepence."

"We thank you for the—the—compliment you offer us, Mr. Bagby, but I should not be willing to give you my daughter, even were she not—"

"Now you just listen to reason," broke in Joe. "You mustn't think it's only the property I'm set on. I've made a swipe of money in the last year—nigh forty thousand dollars—Continental—so I can afford to marry whom I like, and though I own that thirty thousand acres is no smouch of land, yet I'm really soft on Miss Janice; and would marry her even if she hadn't money, now that I've got some of my own."

"It can make no difference, Mr. Bagby," replied the mother. "Neither her father nor I would consent to her wedding you, and I know her wishes accord with ours."

Joe, with a somewhat bewildered face and a decidedly awkward movement, picked up his hat. "It don't seem possible," he said, "that you'll throw away all that property; for, of course, I'm not a-going to stand between you and old Hennion when you show yourselves so unfriendly."

"Of that we must take the risk."

Bagby went to the door. "The Assembly meets in two days," he remarked, "and I'm not going to Trenton till then. If you change your mind, let me know."

"Oh, mommy," groaned the girl the moment the door closed, "I wish there were no such things in the world as lovers!" Then she told a yet greater untruth: "Or would that I had been born as plain as Tibbie's aunt!"

"You forget, child, the help Philemon tried to give us, and what we owe to Colonel Brereton."

The girl made no response for a little, then said, hurriedly, "Mommy, dost think dadda, and wouldst thou wish me to wed Colonel Brereton, provided 'twould save us our lands, and let us live in peace at Greenwood?"

"I know not what to say, Janice. It would be a deliverance, indeed, from a future black with doubt and trouble, but thy father holds to his promise to Philemon, and I question if he'd ever consent to have a rebel for a son-in-law. Nor do we know that Colonel Brereton was not but speaking in jest when he said what he did at Greenwood."

"He meant it, mommy," answered the daughter, "for—for at grave risk he stole into Philadelphia last April to see me; and then he vowed he could save us from the Whigs if—if—"

"And would you wed him willingly?" asked the mother, when Janice lapsed into silence with the sentence unfinished.

With eyes on the floor, and cheeks all aflame the girl answered: "I—I scarce know, mommy. At times when I am with him I feel dreadfully excited and frightened—though not as I am with Lord Clowes—and want to get away; but the moment he is gone I—I wish

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him back, if only he would do but what I'd have him—and yet I like him for—for having his own way—as he always does—though I know he'd do mine if—if I asked him."

Mrs. Meredith came to her daughter and kissed her gently. "We parents may hope and plan as we will, but love comes without our help," she said, her eyes smiling through tears.

"But I—I don't love Colonel Brereton, mommy," protested the girl, "and I never could, after his—after knowing that he once gave his love to that—"

Another kiss from her mother ended the speech. "Do what you will, my dear," she said, "and I'll bear the blame with your father, if he likes it not."

"Really it—it would only be for you and dadda, and to save the property, mommy," persisted Janice.

"Then why did you draw back from Lord Clowes and Bagby?" asked the mother, almost mirthfully.

"But I—I could never have—have— Oh, mommy, there is a cart just stopped at the door and I'll see what is wanted," an excuse conveniently present for the flustered maiden to escape both badinage and explanation.

As it proved, the arrival of the cart was of very material moment, for by the time Janice was at the door a lean-visaged woman had been helped from it, and her salutation was anything but promising.

"Who are you, that you are in my house?" she demanded, and then entered the hall, and, womanlike, would not listen to the explanations that both Janice and her mother sought to make. "Be off with you at once!" she ordered. "I'll not have you here a minute. My son died of fever and starvation in a freezing prison last winter while you made free of his mother's home not half a mile away. Be thankful I don't have you arrested for the rent, or hound the people into treating you Tory snakes as you deserve. No, you shall not stay to get your clothes—into the street I'll bundle them when I have got them together, and there you'll find them. Out with you!"

Janice was for obeying, but Mrs. Meredith refused positively to leave without packing. Hastily their scanty belongings were bestowed in the two little leathern trunks they had brought originally from Greenwood; these they dragged to the porch, and, sitting upon them, held debate as to their next step.

Ere they had been able to hit upon some escape from the nonplus, their attention was distracted by a rabble of men, women and boys, who suddenly swept around a corner, and flooded down the street toward them. With a premonition of coming evil, Janice sprang to the knocker, and rapped desperately, but their evictor paid no attention to the appeal. In a moment the mob, which numbered not less than a thousand people, reached the steps, hissing, hooting and caterwauling, and from the din rose such cries as: "Tory, Tory!" "Turncoats!" "Where are the bloody-backs?" "Ain't we draggle-tails now?"

"Order!" shouted a man in a cart pulled by some of the crowd, for which a way was made by all so that it could be wheeled up to the sidewalk opposite where the two women, holding each other's hands, were despairingly facing the crowd. "Remember, I passed my oath to General Arnold that there 'ud be no violence, an' if we don't keep it, the troops will be down on us, an' some on you will spend a night in the guard-house."

"Hooray!" cheered some one, and the mass echoed the cry.

The spokesman turned to the Merediths. "We know'd the Fourth o' July ain't no joyous day to you alls, so we've done our bestest to keep you from thinkin' of it by bringin' some one to call on you. Ain't you glad to see again your old friend, Miss Shy Anna?"

As the speaker finished, he stepped to one side, bringing into view of the porch a woman seated upon the head of a barrel in the cart. A poor army drab, left behind in the evacuation, had been decked out in what Janice instantly recognised as her Mischianza costume, and with hair dressed so that it stood up not less than two feet above her forehead, splashed over with white paint, a drink-coloured face, doubly red in contrast, and bare feet, with an expanse of more than ankle in a similar nakedness below the trousers, she made up in all a figure so droll that under any other circumstances Janice would have laughed.

"We are escortin' Mis Shy Anna—who ain't really very shy—to see all her friends of The Blended Rose and of The Burning Mountain, an' as we hate airs an' pride, we demands that each give her a kiss. Just make a way for Miss Meredith to come and give her the chaste salute," he ordered of the throng.

"You will not insist on such a humiliation for my daughter," appealed Mrs. Meredith.

"Insult!" cried the leader. "Who dares to say 'tain't an honour to kiss one dressed in such clothes. Give the miss a little help, boys, but gently. Don't do her no harm."

A dozen men were through the gate before

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the sentence was finished, but outcries and a surge of the mob at this point gave a new bent to the general attention. A horseman from the direction opposite to that from which the crowd had come was spurring, with little heed, through the mass, and the clamour and movement were due to the commotion he precipitated.

In twenty seconds the rider, who was well coated with dust, and whose horse was lathered with the sweat of fast riding, had come abreast of the cart, and Janice gave a cry of joy. "Oh, Colonel Brereton," she called. "Save us, I beg!"

"What are you about?" demanded the newcomer, sternly, of the crowd.

"We're celebratin' independence," explained he in the cart, "and all we wants of this miss is that she buss her friend Miss Shy Anna. They both is British sympathisers."

"Be off with you, every doodle and rag-tail of you," ordered the officer, angrily.

"And who are you?" demanded one; and another, emboldened by distance, recommended, "Pull him off his horse."

Twenty hands seized hold of Brereton, but as they did so, the aide, realising his mistake, retrieved it by a sudden change of manner. "I am an aide of General Washington," he shouted, "and I bring news of a great battle."

An uproar of questions broke out, drowning every other sound, till, by raising his hand, the officer procured silence.

"I must carry the despatches to Congress, but come with me and I'll give you the tale the moment they are safe delivered."

With a rush the crowd followed him as he moved forward, deserting the cart and its occupants. But Jack was not so forgetful, and, turning in his saddle, he called back, "I'll return as soon as I can."

XXXIX.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

The patience of the two homeless women was heavily taxed before Brereton returned, but finally, after nearly two hours' waiting, he came, almost running along the street.

"Neither the Congress nor the populace were to be put off," he began to explain, ere he was within the gate, "and I have had to retail again and again the story of the fight, and tell 'how our army swore in Flanders.' But I dared not break away from them through fear they would follow me back, and force me to play hare to their hounds once more. 'Tis a great relief to know that you are safe," Jack declared, as he shook their hands warmly.

"Thanks to you," replied Mrs. Meredith. "Ah, Colonel Brereton, what do we not owe to your thoughtfulness?"

A few words told their champion of their plight, and stirred him to hot anger.

"By heavens!" he growled. "I would that my general were here to curse the beldame, as he did Lee at Monmouth. Once you are cared for, I'll return and see that she hear one man's opinion of her. Follow me, and I'll soon put you in comfort." Getting a trunk on each shoulder, he set off down the street.

"Did you mean that it was General Washington who swore?" asked Janice, as they walked.

"Ay."

"I can't think of him as doing that," ejaculated Mrs. Meredith.

"'Twas glorious to hear him, for he spoke with righteous anger as an angel from heaven might. You should have seen him as he cantered up to Lee, who had never wanted to fight, and who was actually leading the fugitives, as if to set them an example. 'By God, sir,' he demanded, 'what is the meaning of this disorderly retreat?' Lee began a stuttering explanation that didn't explain, so his Excellency repeated his question, and when once again Lee sought to avoid answer, he thundered out, 'You're a damned poltroon!' And 'twas what the whole army thought and wanted said."

The tale of how Washington had turned the threatened defeat of Monmouth into victory served to bring the trio to the city tavern, where Brereton led the way at once to a room on the second floor, and deposited the two trunks.

"You'll have no more than time to freshen yourselves for dinner, and we'll leave talk till we've eaten that," he suggested, as he picked up a pair of saddle-bags and left the room.

"Oh, mommy," sighed Janice, rejoicefully. "Isn't it a relief to be told what to do, and not have to worry one's self? He didn't make us think once."

Their self-chosen guardian was equally decisive as to the future, when the subject was taken up after the meal. "I must stay here two days for some despatches Congress wishes me to bear, and 'tis fortunate, for I shall have time to procure a second horse and a pillion, so that you may journey with me."

"Whither?"

"To Brunswick."

"I suppose there is naught else left for us," said Mrs. Meredith, doubtingly, "but we have little reason to feel secure there."

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"Do not give yourself a moment's discomposure or dolour. We shall find the army there; but, better still, I possess a means to secure your safety, whether it remains or no."

"And what is that?" inquired Mrs. Meredith, eagerly.

"By good luck I have a hold over both Esquire Hennion and Bagby, and I'll threat them that unless they let you live at peace I'll use it."

Janice came back to the table. "'Twas only the rounds," she remarked with a note of half surprise, half puzzlement in her voice, which was not lost to her mother's ears.

"Art thou as sure as thou wert, Janice," Mrs. Meredith asked, once they were in their room again, "that Colonel Brereton wishes to wed thee?"

"I—I thought—he said he did," replied the girl, hanging her head with mortification; "but he may have changed his mind."

Her doubt grew in the next two days, for by not a word or act did the aide even hint that such a hope was present in his thoughts. Their every need was his care, and all his spare time was passed in their company, but his manner conveyed only the courtesy of the friend, and never the tenderness of the lover. Even when Janice presented him with the silk purse to which she had given so many hours of toil, his thanks, though warm, were distinctly platonic. Both piqued and humiliated at his conduct, the girl was glad enough when, on the morning of the third day, they set out on their journey, and she almost welcomed the advent of Bagby, who overtook them as they were taking their noon baiting at Bristol, and who made the afternoon ride with them.

Another familiar face greeted them, as, toward nightfall, they rode into Trenton and drew rein in front of the Drinkers' house, whither the ladies had asked to be taken; for ere Janice had been lifted from the horse's back, or Mrs. Meredith had descended from the pillion, they were accosted by Squire Hennion.

"I hoped as haow we wuz well quit of yer," he began; "an' yer needn't 'spect, after all yer goin's on, and those of yer—old Tory husband, thet ye're goin' ter be allaowed ter come back ter Greenwood. I persume Joe's told yer thet he an' I is goin' ter git a bill through this Assembly declarin' yer lands escheated."

"You haven't any right to talk for me, squire," protested Joe. "I can do my own talking; and my sympathies is always with the female sex."

"He, he," snickered Hennion. "Ain't we doin' the gallant all of a suddint! An' ain't we foxy! Joe, here," he continued, turning to the ladies, "come ter me jest afore we left Brunswick, with a bill he'd draw'd ter take yer lands, an' he says ter me he wuz a-goin' ter push it through Assembly. But by the time we gits ter Trenton, word come thet the redcoats wuz a-scuttlin' fer York, so Joe he set off like a jiffy ter see if yer wuz ter be found. Did he offer ter buy yer lands cheap, or did he ask ter be bought off? Or is the sly tyke snoopin' araound after yer darter?"

Bagby had the grace to grow a brick-red at this revelation and home thrust, and he began an attempted explanation. But Brereton, who had helped both his charges to the ground, did not let them give ear to it. "I will bide at the tavern, and we'll start to-morrow as soon after daybreak as we can," he said, as he escorted them to the door, then turned back to the two assemblymen, who were busy expressing frank opinions of each other. "Quarrel as you like," he broke in, "but understand one thing now. That bill must never be offered, or the pair of you shall hear from me. I warn you both that I have in my possession your signed oaths of allegiance to King George, and if you dare to push your persecution of the Merediths I'll ride from one end of Middlesex County to t'other, and show your constituents what kind of Whigs you are, over your own hands and seals." He took the two bridles and walked toward the tavern.

"Thet ere is a lie!" cried Hennion, yet following the officer.

"It is, if you never signed such a paper," remarked Jack, dryly.

"I defy yer ter show it," challenged Hennion.

"If you want sight of it, introduce the bill," retorted the aide.

"Say, colonel," said Bagby, with a decided cringe, "you won't use those documents against your old friends, will you?"

"'Tain't fer a Continental officer ter injure them as is ginooine Whigs," chimed in Hennion, "an' only swore an oath cuz it seemed bestest jest then."

"If you don't want those papers known, stop persecuting the Merediths."

"So thet gal's caught yer, too, hez she? Look aout fer them. They'll use yer ter save their lands, and then they'll send yer ter rightabout, like they did with my Phil. I warns yer agin 'em, an' ef you don't listen ter me, the day'll come when yer'll rue it."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE PERSONAL OPINIONS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Compiled and Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Messrs. Hardy, Pratt and Company. $1.50.

Among the minds of the great masters of French and English fiction of the first half of the nineteenth century the mind of Honoré de Balzac is the most baffling and unique. Thackeray's view-point or Dickens's or Scott's or Dumas's or Victor Hugo's we can get after a certain intimate study of these men—their lives and their work. For instance, take Thackeray. Read his earlier work, *The Book of Snobs, The Yellowplush Papers, Barry Lyndon* and *Vanity Fair*. Then take up his later and more mature books, his letters, the little bits of personal anecdote that have been retailed by his friends and acquaintances. There may be noted changes of opinion, likes and dislikes may have been moderated or intensified, his later years showed a riper kindliness, a broader toleration, but there is nothing flatly contradictory, nothing which does not bear the unmistakable imprint of the mind which produced *Snob Papers* and the satire and pathos of *Vanity Fair*.

But to say that one knows Balzac completely would be rare temerity. He is unquestionably one of the few great literary masters of this and of all centuries, and yet he does not seem to have had the literary mind. He was more essentially a natural force let loose in literature. He admired Walter Scott beyond measure. He found in Fenimore Cooper's *Leather Stocking* one of the great creations of fiction. Scott he obviously tried to imitate, and fortunately failed. If there was a literary mind which strongly influenced him, one would say that it was that of Rabelais. But in his work there seems to be no dominant literary influence. The inspiration of the *Comédie Humaine* he found in the work of the naturalists—in Cuvier, in Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire. In the five or six years of his apprenticeship he is said to have produced from thirty to forty tales which failed of publication. One may admire him beyond measure, be amazed and delighted before the greatness of his work; accept Eugène de Rastignac, Baron de Nucingen, Lucien de Rubempré, Grandet, Hulot, Crevel as the very men; Madame de Mortsauf, Ursula Mirouet, Valérie Marneffe, Eugénie Grandet as the very women; think of him as comparable for the scope of his creative power only with Shakespeare, and yet be quite convinced that these early works failed of publication mainly because they were pretty poor stuff.

When, ten or a dozen years ago, the work of Honoré de Balzac began coming to us through the medium of Miss Wormeley's admirable translations, it was with all the rush and fire of a new writer. It mattered very little that the tales had been told a half century. Years ago an attempt to place his work before the American public failed. Perhaps the reading public was not yet ready to receive Balzac. More probably the translations were inadequate. That the edition hazarded by Roberts Brothers and carried on by their successors would have been successful had the translation been of the usual kind is open to more than doubt. Balzac is not a writer whom the translator may be "kind to." Therefore, to the fidelity, the patience, the good taste and, above all, to the reverent humility of Miss Wormeley too much praise cannot be accorded. It may not be Balzac whom she has given us, but it is some one very near to him.

To treat adequately of the personal opinions of Honoré de Balzac would, of course, be far beyond the compass of a single volume. He had so many opinions. He thought so much and with such exhausting intensity. The ordinary mind, even the literary mind of a high order, may think on most subjects superficially, to hold itself fresh for the one vital thing. Balzac could not so think. Toiling with fierce anguish on the structure of the *Comédie Humaine,* he nevertheless found time and energy to devote to the study of perfectly extraneous matters. Whenever he thought he thought hard. He was always so. He was often wrong. He erred ridiculously through overintensity. He was at once seerlike and childlike. And yet of this came ultimately much

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good. When a man of imagination has builded many and elaborate air castles and found out their futility, there remains the alternative of writing about them. For instance, we should say unhesitatingly that *The Prisoner of Zenda* originated in a personal day dream of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. Balzac's genius was one for details. He could not build up a fortune for himself; he builded one for César Birotteau: the *Peau de Chagrin* which he had imagined shrinking between his own hands became in his book an inimitable allegory.

In the work now before us there is so much of interest, since it is Balzac, that it is almost hopeless to search for any special part from which to quote. There is very little about Madame de Hanska—comparatively little concerning his own personality or manner of work. The monograph on the Parisian press should be read in connection with the second part of *Illusions Perdues.* This monograph does not show us Balzac at his best, but it is Balzac in one of his strangest and most characteristic humours. Probably to the student of Balzac nothing will be of quite as much interest as the Appendix, which gives us Balzac's last rearrangement of the *Comédie Humaine* made in 1845, five years before his death. The general scheme of Balzac's work is familiar to most readers. He lived to complete the Scenes from Private Life almost as he had arranged. The Scenes from Provincial Life included five unwritten books. The Scenes from Parisian life are almost complete, but his work on the Scenes from Political Life and Scenes from Military Life had only just begun.

The titles of some of his contemplated books give an interesting insight into the mind of Balzac in 1845. The following books are those that Balzac projected but never finished. Some were never begun; others were half completed and unpublished: I. Scenes from Private Life: *Children; A Young Lady's School; Interior of a College School; Sons-in-law and Mothers-in-Law.* II. Scenes from Provincial Life: *Wrinkled People; Jacques de Metz; An Actress on Her Travels; The Original; The Heirs of Boisrouge.* III. Scenes from Parisian Life: *Great People; The Hospital and the People; Scraps of French Talk; Among Savants; The Stage as it is.* IV. Scenes from Political Life. *History and the Novel; Two Ambitious Men; The Attaché to an Embassy; How a Ministry is Made.* V. Scenes from Military Life: *The Soldiers of the republic: Three Episodes; The Opening of a Campaign; The Vendeans; The French in Egypt; The Prophet; The Pacha; An Army on the March; The Consular Guard; Before Vienna; A Battle; The Besieged Army; The Plain of Wagram; The Innkeeper; The English in Spain; Moscow; The Battle of Dresden; The Stragglers; The Foot Soldiers; A Cruise; The Pontoons; The Campaign of France; The Last Battlefield; The Emir; La Penissière; The Algerine Corsair.* VI. Scenes from Country Life: *The Justice of the Peace; The Environs of Paris.* In addition to these chapters in his great edifice of the study of Manners and Morals, Balzac contemplated eight more works on philosophical and analytical lines. In looking over this scheme one is struck by the fact that it contains no mention of *La Cousine Bette,* that last great creation of his genius. A. B. M.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS. By Josiah Flynt. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

A book which at once convinces and entertains—striking in its vigour and its sincerity. Many of these studies and sketches originally appeared in American and English periodicals; but it is not until one reads them in their present form, collected and arranged, that the permanent and unique value of the work can be judged and appreciated. It is not merely the tramp that Josiah Flynt places before us in this book, or the moocher (beggar) or the criminal —it is rather the human parasite.

It is now ten or twelve years since the author began his investigations of this gloomy and morbidly interesting phase of life. There have been few of these years of which he has not devoted some months to the study of what he has made his life work. A runaway for the third time while in his early teens, he has known the "low life" of thirty States and lived behind prison bars in many of them. Even at the present day there are certain seasons when the *Wanderlust* comes over him with irresistible force. He yearns toward the grime and dust of the roadway. The vagabondia which he knows and of which he writes is not the half enchanted vagabondia of the Romany Rye enhanced by romance and mystery, but a rather stuffy, smoky vagabondia of suffering and sin and shame—very prosaic and practical—but terribly tragic in its nearness and reality.

The tramp is the discouraged criminal—far beneath the professional criminal in energy and intellect. In his study of "The Criminal in the Open," Mr. Flynt flouts the present day's "illogical tendency in penology." Lombroso and other investigators classified the criminal as political, instinctive, occasional,

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habitual and professional. The author has found of importance only one of these classes —the professional. In treating of the abnormalities of criminals, he points out that writers about crime have picked the illustrations for their books from the worst specimens possible; that what is known as "the criminal look" is rather a look acquired by long residence in the State prison or the penitentiary; that in regard to questions of the senses criminologists have relied entirely on what the criminal himself has told them.

They give him something to taste or smell, or prick him with a needle, and his reply is noted down as scientific evidence. How do they know that he has not some object in view in telling them what he does? He may want to appear degenerated or queer, or is perhaps simply mischievous, and says the first thing that comes into his head. Until instruments have been invented which can discover the truth quite independently of the criminal's personal testimony, nothing really positive can be known concerning whatever freaks of the senses may have been wrought in the criminal's organisation.

Tramping with Tramps is divided into four parts: I. Studies; II. Travels; III. Sketches; IV. The Tramp's Jargon (with glossary). The Studies are unquestionably of most importance. Probably the most striking is the "Children of the Road." In the "American Tramp Geographically Considered" he tells us that in the East, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan are good tramp States, that New York City is the most notorious tramp's nest in the world: that Harlem is especially profitable; that San Francisco and Denver are the main dependents of tramps in the West. It is to be regretted that lack of space does not allow a more lengthy quotation. It is pleasant and curious to note that the author has not grown callous. Throughout the most analytical descriptions there rings a note of profound sympathy and pity. In the story of the "flying mail" and the wild ride and death of old Boston Mary, he has given us a bit of writing which is finely pathetic and dramatic. A feature of the book is the abundance of dialogue, which is excellent. Josiah Flynt has in preparation another book of character similar to *Tramping with Tramps*. The two are to be supplemented by a more ambitious work—a study of criminology.

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Grant seems to consider that he is especially called upon to instruct his fellow-countrymen how to live. He published a volume a few years ago on *The Art of Living*, and now uniform with a new edition of that book appears *Search-Light Letters*. Mr. Grant has not outgrown his frivolous manners, and in this book he pursues the same methods of amusing his readers—doubtless Americans only. He writes a chapter to "A Young Man or Woman in Search of the Ideal," another to "A Modern Woman with Social Ambitions," and another to "A Young Man Wishing to be an American." In this chapter Mr. Grant shows slight signs of becoming serious, and says some things worth saying. But just as we begin to feel that perhaps we ought to take him seriously, after all, he puts in some parenthetical remarks made by Josephine, who seems to be hanging over his chair for the express purpose of saying these foolish things. We do hope that Josephine is a myth and not really his wife, for it would be a horrible fate for any woman to play the part that she has to play in a man's literary career. The author's views on politics are decided ones, and he does not hesitate to say bad things about aldermen, city governments, corporations and political bosses. We quote from his chapter "To a Political Optimist":

"If you have read *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, you will remember that the hero rose to political stature largely by means of attending to the district, befriending the poor and helpless and having a friendly, encouraging word for his constituents, high or low. The American public welcomed the book because it was glad to see the boss vindicated by these human qualities, and to think that there was a saving grace of unselfish service in the composition of the average successful politician."

Search-Light Letters is written in a friendly spirit, the satire oftentimes being mere pleasantry, and it is in this same friendly spirit that Mr. Grant's readers will doubtless welcome it.

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NOVEL NOTES

A YOUNG SAVAGE. By Barbara Yechton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

After all, one's taste in reading is as individual as one's dyspepsia; therefore, in asserting that one likes "goody-goody" books about "goody-goody" people—as the scornful term goes among the devotees of "Art for Art's sake" and kindred immoralities — one simply predicates the ready assimilation of that sort of mental, or rather moral, pabulum, by a certain type of psychological digestion. For some of us, brought up on a simple diet of John Milton and Walter Scott, Maeterlinck and the Symbolists, not to mention Mr. Richard Hovey and the author of *The Descendant,* are almost too highly flavoured; that their work is "Art" one does not, perhaps, dispute; so is the work of a *chef de cuisine;* in each case one rises from the feast complaining, like Hamlet, "How heavy all's here at my heart;" even if one does not pursue the example of the Danish prince to such lengths as murder and parricide.

Historically considered, one main result of Art has always been to build up the moral, the truly æsthetic, man. The labours of that "enterprising wight," the "Neolithic man," of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, who "sketched delightful mammoths at the borders of his cave," unquestionably had a moral trend; and his "Neolithic neighbours, who were startled and surprised," were also, when they had duly considered his handiwork, just a little higher in the scale of civilisation than they had ever been before. But indigestion reduces one to savagery, which again brings us back to Miss Yechton's story, the subject of these poor and brief remarks.

It was said in one of the very earliest numbers of the American BOOKMAN that among the literary "wants" of the present time is a successor to Miss Yonge; though whether *The Heir of Redclyffe* is Art would seem to have been settled for all time by the remark of a certain bishop, who said, "There is a sermon on every page." And yet the affections of three, perhaps four, generations cling about Sir Guy Morville, his history and his fate, as the ivy clung about the walls of his ancient dwelling. And why? Because for many, its pages mirror, and mirror truly, themselves, their beliefs, and their ideals; for others, they reflect a purer, truer, nobler, loftier way of living and of thinking than they find in their own surroundings—among their own friends.

Barbara Yechton's work is much on the same lines; "the Latimers" are reduced gentlefolk, of the American type; as religious, as ultra-refined, as the Edmonstones themselves. Into their atmosphere comes Juanita Kyle, known as "Little John;"—the nickname in itself wins one's heart at once!—and is transformed by it, or rather, through the motherly, loving influence of Mrs. Latimer, the invalid centre of the household, who does nothing overt, from the first page to the last; yet without whom nothing would have been done in the way that it was. Sharley, active, energetic, bustling, dictatorial—how powerless and ineffectual she is, in comparison with that gentle invalid, who rules by never asserting herself. And "Little John," who is quite the reverse of "goody-goody," is a very charming and well-drawn character; she has indeed the gift of fascination; one perfectly understands why Teddy fell in love with her.

Miss Yechton's special gift is that which is the chief element in Miss Yonge's success: the gift of giving life to her characters. As, when the *Pillars of the House* was appearing serially in the *Monthly Packet,* we welcomed each number as bringing news from our friends the Underwoods, so did our friends the Latimers give the interest of a family letter to each number of the *Churchman* last spring and summer. This faculty the author has always possessed; but we are glad to add that *A Young Savage* is also the best constructed story she has yet produced; less overloaded with detail, and with a clearer outline. And besides all this, it is the kind of a story that one likes, and about the sort of people that one wants to know!

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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THE ORANGE GIRL. By Walter Besant. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Besant has swung back vigorously to his best days. Old London nobody knows like him; its romance thrills him; and he can make the old houses live again with the revels and loves and crimes of their best days. If he never touched a nineteenth-century subject, the admiration he excites would grow at least in intensity. He has a bolder, freer, stronger touch when out of sight of modern problems. There is something particularly robust and spacious about *The Orange Girl,* the life story of a certain musician, William Halliday, who becomes, in turn, the chronicler of the doings of Mistress Jenny Wilmot, orange girl, actress, great lady, convict, and most loyal-hearted of women. These epithets should suggest the various interest of her wonderful career. In the course of the tale we live in the Fleet and consort with the prisoners there, in a prosperous city merchant's mansion, in seamen's taverns, in gambling houses, in thieves' kitchens, in Newgate, as well as in pleasant corners of old London, fit backgrounds for a pair of lovers. In fact, all eighteenth-century London and its folk pass before us vividly; we are stirred by its picturesqueness, and shudder in its dark alleys. But prominently standing out from the scenery is the story of a brave woman, who risked everything, not for love, but friendship, and having lost, braved the consequences without flinching.

MAMMON AND CO. By E. F. Benson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Benson has returned to the paths of his first success, a little tired, perhaps, for the moment of his efforts to attain a serious reputation as a writer of beautiful romances about heroic Greek maidens. There must have been something very exciting in the reception given to *Dodo.* No wonder he hankers after a repetition of the same, and gives us *Mammon and Co.* His new book has a most serious intention; but the intention is so unmistakably a failure that the less said about it the better. His heroine or his awful warning, Lady Conybeare, he evidently does not believe in himself at the beginning. Save for a dash of schoolboy pluck she is an unmitigated little cad; and when she comes to grief in the end and repents, the repentance has the look of being only the temporary result of a scare. It is difficult to read of her career and sentimentalise over her as does Mr. Benson at the last, as a woman brought, through much affliction, to a sense of the horrors of mammon-worship. We believe that at this moment—she is very real, and we take her existence for granted—she is as cheerful as ever, and as desperately in debt, though her efforts to grab other people's money are more prudent, and she is now too experienced to play the fool with an imbecile like Lord Comber. Mr. Alington, the cool-brained financier, half genius, half fraud, with his silent ways and his exquisite taste in art, will be to a few readers the most impressive figure, though the most popular characters, save one, will be the virtuous young couple Toby and the young American millionaire, whose love story contains that mixture of material comfort and emotion which never fails to make a wide appeal. But of course the book stands or falls not by Mammon and Co., but by Mrs. Murchison. She will be quoted so frequently during the next few months, as her original has been quoted during the last year or two, that it is hardly needful to spread the fame of her magnificent malaprops. But the inventor of "The bar of Marie Antoinette" and the "tombs of the Marmadukes," the describer of the "picturesque streets in Napoli, where the Gomorrah live," and of Luxor, where she threw "piazzas" to the donkey-boys, had best be accepted as an acquaintance at an early date. Her entertainment will pale, but it is quite enlivening while it lasts.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN. By Harold McGrath. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. $1.25.

Arms and The Woman is a blending of the romance and adventure of the Middle Ages with nineteenth-century men and women. And there is a decided reality about these men and women; they are creatures of flesh and blood, and not mere pictures of past centuries. One would know instinctively that the author of *Arms and The Woman* is a man, and a man who is as fond of tobacco as of women. His men are sane and healthy men's men, and his women are their worthy complements. The story is told in the first person by Jack Winthrop, a newspaper man, who when we first meet him is an impoverished reporter on a New York daily. He is in love with a rich society girl, known to us as Phyllis, to whom he sends roses and goes without tobacco—"a privation of which women know nothing." When she refuses him, he goes abroad as foreign correspondent, and then begin the exciting adventures which make the story such a charming one. The elusive and fascinating German princess capitvates us quite as much as she does the men who worship at her shrine. We are not surprised, therefore, when Jack

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finds his love for Phyllis a mere memory, while his love for the princess makes him ready to surmount every obstacle and even to meet death. We are not going to tell the real plot of the story, because it would be a pity to deprive the reader of finding it out for himself. Perhaps Mr. McGrath's finest bit of character drawing is seen in Hillars, the broken-down newspaper man and Jack's chum, and one of the strongest passages in the story is the description of the duel that he fights and his death. There is a manly pathos about it all which cannot fail to leave an impression.

THE TORY MAID. By H. B. Stimpson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00.

The Tory Maid — another contribution to Revolutionary romance—the title-page tells us is "an account of the adventures of James Frisbie of Fairley, in the county of Kent, on the eastern shore of the State of Maryland, and sometime an officer in the Maryland Line of the Continental Army during the War of the Revolution." Mr. Stimpson is thoroughly imbued with the atmosphere of that period, and his narrative is well told. James Frisbie is a youth of eighteen when the story opens, but a brave and manly youth, daring in war and in love. The Tory maid herself is a dainty creature, and we do not wonder at his love for her. In this pocket edition romance Mr. Stimpson has not spent himself in unnecessary words. In a few pages he gives us a very clear glimpse into the Revolutionary period, and at the same time he entertains us with a pretty love story. In fact, he covers a great deal of ground in an unpretentious manner, and we are quite sure that his little Tory maid will please many readers.

A SPLENDID SIN. By Grant Allen. New York: F. M. Buckles and Company. $1.00.

We fear that Grant Allen spent too much energy on the title of this book, as he is not at his best in the story. His principal characters are an Englishwoman and her son and an Italian and his daughter. Although the son and the daughter make lots of love, the story does not deal with love alone. Grant Allen's text is the clause in the second commandment, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," and he preaches the sound doctrine of heredity. Hubert Egremont, the lover, has very pronounced ideas on this subject, and when he discovers that his father is a victim of alcoholic insanity he breaks off his love affair. Now witness the "splendid sin"! Mrs. Egremont confesses that Hubert is the child of her lover and not of her dissolute husband. This information delights the son, for it makes him free to marry the girl he loves and gives to him an inheritance far more important in his case than mere virtue. If the author's views should be accepted indiscriminately there would be a general mix-up in the modern world, but we fancy it is safer at times to have theories than to practise them.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE DUCHESSE. A Page from the Life of the Vicomte de Championnet. By S Walkey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

For the Sake of the Duchesse may be classed with the romantic school of blood and thunder, love and intrigue, duelling and death. Since the days of Dumas's *Miladi,* the average writer who turns out a so-called French historical romance attempts to portray each intrigante just a little more wicked than any of her predecessors. And this has evidently been one of Mr. Walkey's ambitions. The Duchesse stops at nothing, and her diabolical character makes us wonder how a man could be dominated by her. The adventures of the Vicomte de Championnet are so many and so wonderful that we feel sure he would not live beyond the first few pages if it were not for the fact that the story is told in the first person, and he has to live to tell it. The Vicomte is bad—very bad at first—but he falls in love with Mademoiselle de Cheverny at an early stage in the game, and it is then for her sake and not for the Duchesse that he risks so much. He finally betrays the Duchesse, and is held a prisoner in the dungeon at the Chateau Sainte Roxane. The gruesome description of his existence there among hundreds of water rats is not particularly pleasant reading. We do not know who S. Walkey is—we had never heard of him—but out of a bundle of impossible adventures he has made thrilling reading for those persons who have not grown blasés in this overworked field of novel writing.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, October 1, 1899.

By far the most interesting feature of the month past has been the purchase and receipt of the new books and stock orders for the coming fall season. The list of publications is very large. Fiction of course takes a prominent place, juveniles are particularly noticeable and miscellaneous subjects generally are well represented. While the ultimate sales of the individual titles may be somewhat judged by the advance orders of the dealers, still in most instances their popularity yet remains in question. Of the new fiction, *The Lion and the Unicorn,* by Richard Harding Davis, *Stalky & Co.,* by Rudyard Kipling, *The Orange Girl,* by Walter Besant, *Ione March,* by S. R. Crockett, and *The King's Mirror,* by Anthony Hope, are meeting with ready sales.

The month's output of juveniles includes new books by such well-known writers as Hezekiah Butterworth, Kirk Munro, Rossiter Johnson, Howard Pyle, A. D. T. Whitney and G. A. Henty, together with others of almost equal popularity.

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, by John Fiske, is undoubtedly the leading book outside of fiction, and is already in good demand, as is also *American Lands and Letters,* by Donald G. Mitchell.

New ideas in publishing are from time to time exploited, and the publication of paper-bound editions of well-known fiction is now followed by low-priced cloth editions of formerly popular copyrighted works with a view of renewing their sales.

Out-of-town buyers are now in the city, and purchases are largely along the customary lines, including sixteenmos and twelvemos, which are presented in new and attractive bindings, board-bound juveniles, many of which contain coloured illustrations, booklets, calendars and holiday gift books of all varieties. The popular cloth-bound fiction of the day is also included in rather larger proportion than heretofore, while the standard authors in complete sets are less in demand. The size of the orders compares favourably with those of other years, and salesmen report their customers as speaking encouragingly of the outlook for trade.

To the dealers still handling text-books the past month has been an exceptionally heavy one. The sale of what is known as supplementary reading matter continues to be a prominent feature, nearly all of the educational publishers now having a series of selected portions of the classic writings in cheap form, and in many instances specially edited by well-known authorities.

Notwithstanding the present large output of new books, the announcements for early publication are heavy, and many titles by favourite writers are yet to come. Of these may be mentioned *Janice Meredith,* by Paul Leicester Ford; *Via Crucis,* by F. Marion Crawford; *The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander,* by Frank R. Stockton; *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen,* and *Young April,* by Egerton Castle.

In making up the list as below of the best-selling books for the month it will be necessary to begin with those which have been included for some time past, but in addition will be found a number of more recent issue now claiming a place.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.
David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By. R. Whiteing. $1.50.
Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Orange Girl. By Walter Besant. $1.50.
The King's Mirror. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Lion and the Unicorn. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.
The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1.50.
The Man with the Hoe. By Edwin Markham. $1.00.
The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, October 1, 1899.

September business did not fail to realise the expectations formed of it, and the month was a very busy one in trade circles. Country orders were, considered in bulk, very satisfactory, and it is apparent that dealers are animated by a desire to lay in liberal stocks for the coming holidays. Expensive articles, however, are not much sought after; the books most in request on early orders being the popular novels of the day, the various mod-

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erate-priced series of books which are made especially to sell during the holiday season, and fairly liberal quantities of miscellaneous works of all kinds. Inexpensive books with tasteful and dainty covers are also very popular this year, and the various editions of Kipling's works are going very well indeed, especially the cheaper grades.

The numerous lines of twelvemos and sixteenmos are being bought largely, especially those which are made up chiefly of copyright books, such as the Phœnix sixteenmos and the Scribner and Ajax series of twelvemos.

Richard Carvel takes precedence of *David Harum* in the record of last month's sales, although the latter book does not show any signs of falling off yet. *When Knighthood was in Flower* ranks third, with a slightly increased sale over that of last month. Other books which went especially well were *The Market Place, Red Rock, The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys* and *Children of the Mist.*

The list of new books received last month is a large one, and quite a number that will probably be included in the leading books of the fall appeared. So far those that are selling best are *Stalky & Co.,* by Rudyard Kipling; *The Lion and the Unicorn,* by R. H. Davis; *The House of the Wizard,* by M. Imlay Taylor; *The King's Mirror,* by Anthony Hope; *Kit Kennedy* and *Ione March,* by S. R. Crockett; *Little Novels of Italy,* by Maurice Hewlett, and *The Orange Girl,* by Walter Besant.

The annual crop of juvenile books has already begun to arrive, and prominent among those received are *On General Thomas's Staff,* by Byron A. Dunn; *Forward March* and *Midshipman Stuart,* by Kirk Munro; *The Story of Magellan* and *The Treasure Ship,* by Hezekiah Butterworth, and, as usual, three new books by G. A. Henty.

It is rather a curious fact that notwithstanding the strongly rooted idea that popular taste favours mostly the novel of moderate rather than extreme length, a great majority of the notable successes of the last decade have been exceedingly long stories.

A slight impetus is being given to the sale of books on South Africa by the troubles there, but generally speaking the demand is not especially marked. *Oom Paul's People* is, however, a timely publication, and is going fairly well now.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War is still on the popular list, although it is falling off a little each month. A second book of the same humorous philosophy, which is nearly ready, will probably, however, help along the sale of the first named.

The list of fall announcements which is now before us is indeed an enormous one, and might well appall the bookseller who aims to keep himself well posted. Perhaps the most striking feature is the large number of books which are practically assured before publication of success and a large sale. Another feature is the lack of new poetry. There are plenty of reprints and new editions of the standard poets, but very little of new material for which a fair sale can be expected.

The following is the list of the books which sold best last month:

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

On General Thomas's Staff. By Byron A. Dunn. $1.25.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By G. Zollinger. $1.25.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

The Lion and the Unicorn. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

The Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.

Manders. By Elwyn Barron. $1.50.

Those Dale Girls. By Frances W. Carruth. $1.25.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1.50.

The Dreamers—A Club. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, August 21 to September 23, 1899.

Business was quiet for the first two weeks of the period under notice, but in the earlier part of September, consequent on the reassembling of the schools, it revived considerably. Supplying schools with books by the provincial bookseller is not carried on to the same extent as formerly. Supplies are in many instances obtained from London, and, sad to tell, in some cases from the publishers.

The Export Trade continues brisk, but even here the wholesale trade does not get such a large share of the orders as it deserves, when the amount of detail is taken into consideration.

The six-shilling novel continues to please the reading public. The favourites are *A Double Thread, No. 5 John Street, The Market Place* and *The Fowler.* It is rumoured that several of the leading authors of works of fiction will not issue a new book during the present season.

The publishers have commenced their autumn campaign, large numbers of new works and new editions being already on the market, including many of the annual volumes.

With regard to school-books, it is noticeable that no particular publication has such a large sale as was the case with this class of work a few years since. This probably arises from the fact that in many instances the master writes a book for use in his own school.

The attention centred in the Dreyfus case has also been centred in the literature of the subject. Mr. Conybeare's book has been very popular.

The season for sixpenny novels seems to be over.

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There is still much competition among the sixpenny illustrated magazines, but each seems to hold its own at present. The favourite publications in this department are *Harper, Pall Mall, Harmsworth, Strand, Windsor, Royal* and *Wide World,* while as an ideal lady's magazine the *Woman at Home* enjoys the largest sale.

Works dealing with the Transvaal are in good demand, and there has been renewed inquiry for *The Story of an African Farm.*

The literature of the Church question is again attracting attention, and Walsh's *Secret History of the Oxford Movement* has a brisk sale.

A six-shilling uniform edition of Kipling's works is very popular, as also *Elizabeth and her German Garden* and *A Solitary Summer,* the demand for the two latter books being well sustained.

Appended is the usual list of the most popular books of the hour, from a bookseller's point of view:

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mammon & Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Orange Girl. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Kit Kennedy. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Clarke.)
Trooper 3809. By L. Decle. 6s. (Heinemann.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Kipling. 6s. edition. (Macmillan.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Works on Dreyfus. (Various.)
The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
To London Town. By A. Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Custom of the Country. By Mrs. H. Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Meiklejohn's History, Geography, etc. (A. Holden.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. 7s. 6d. (Harper.)
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By W. Walsh. 3s. 6d. net. (Thynne.)
The Story of an African Farm. By O. Schreiner. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Cricketing Reminiscences. By W. G. Grace. 6s. (Bowden.)
Professions for Boys. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between September 1, 1899, and October 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John St. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Tory Maid. Stimpson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Agatha Webb. Green. (Putnam.) $1.25.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Solitary Summer. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. From Plotzk to Boston. Autin. (W. B. Clarke Co.) 50 cents.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Manders. Banon. (Page.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Byron Cashel's Profession. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.25.
5. The Fowler. Harraden (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Studies in Psychology of Woman. Marholm. (Stone.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Short Line War. Merwin-Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Across the Campus. Fuller. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Dash for a Throne. Marchmont. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Cromwell's Own. Paterson. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Rupert, by Grace of God. McCheney. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Sowers. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)$1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
3. The Great Company. Wilson. (Copp-Clark Co.) $3.00.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Richards.) $1.25.
6. Duet with an Occasional Chorus. Doyle. (Morang.) $1.25.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. War with Spain. Lodge. (Harper.) $2.00.
6. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Miss Cayley's Adventure. Allen. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Women and Economics. Stetson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (McLeod.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Kit Kennedy. Crockett. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Lady Barbarity. Snaith. (Copp-Clark Co.) 50 cents and $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Children of the Ghetto. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. War with Spain. Lodge. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. Ione March. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Trooper 3809. Decle. (Scribner.) $1.25.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.

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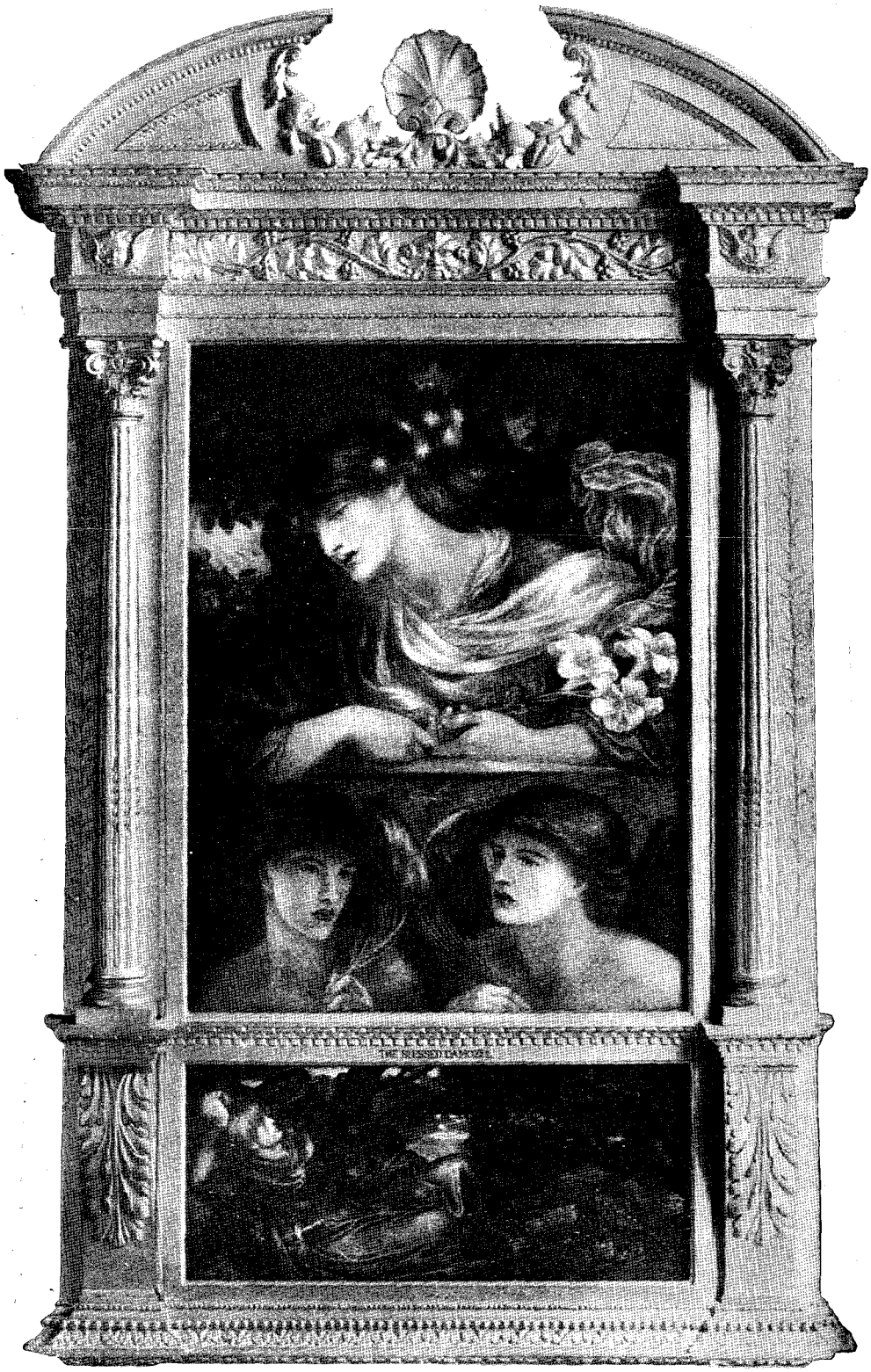

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